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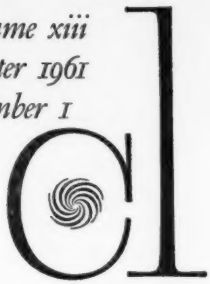

H. STEFAN SCHULTZ

# Hofmannsthal and Bacon: The Sources of The Chandos Letter

ON OCTOBER 18 and 19, 1902 Hugo von Hofmannsthal published in the Berlin daily, *Der Tag*, an imaginary letter under the simple title, "Ein Brief."[1] The letter, which purports to have been written on August 22, 1603 by a Philip Chandos to Francis Bacon, gives a detailed explanation of the writer's renunciation of all future literary activity. The first four of fifteen printed pages describe what Chandos wrote and planned to write as a young man. The twenty-six-year-old writer then links his literary activity to a general state of mind in which the whole of human existence and of the world appeared to him as one great unity. There follows an account of how Chandos fell from this state of presumptuous exuberance. His world is shattered to fragments, all coherence gone. This fragmentation and atomization is primarily due to a distrust of language; words are insufficient to say what is.

Die einzelnen Worte schwammen um mich, sie gerannen zu Augen, die mich anstarrten und in die ich wieder hineinstarren muß: Wirbel sind sie, in die hinabzusehen mich schwindelt, die sich unaufhaltsam drehen und durch die hindurch man ins Leere kommt [*Prosa*, II, 14].

Chandos attempts to escape from this state by reading the ancients, but to no avail. The final eight pages of the letter describe in ever new images and through the most skillful use of words Chandos' present wordless mode of existence. Dumb things speak to him; he, in turn,

[1] Hofmannsthal worked on the "Letter" during Aug. 1902. Quotations refer to Herbert Steiner's edition, *Prosa*, II (Frankfurt, 1951), 7-22. For the English version I am indebted to the translation by Tania and James Stern in Hugo von Hofmannsthal, *Selected Prose* (New York, 1952), pp. 129-141.

thinks, not in words, but in a more immediate material. Chandos calls this at one point "thinking with the heart," but in the end resigns himself to the fact that

> die Sprache, in welcher nicht nur zu schreiben, sondern auch zu denken mir vielleicht gegeben wäre, weder die lateinische noch die engli che noch die italienische und spanische ist, sondern eine Sprache, in welcher die stummen Dinge zu mir sprechen, und in welcher ich vielleicht einst im Grabe vor einem unbekannten Richter mich verantworten werde [*Prosa*, II, 22].

Hofmannsthal scholars have generally treated this extraordinary piece of German prose fiction as a personal document. It was supposedly written at a turning point in Hofmannsthal's life. Its purpose was to face and to state, and in this way to overcome, a personal experience.[2] Undoubtedly, Hofmannsthal's own convictions and reflections are present in Lord Chandos' words, while at the same time Stefan George's shadow rises behind the recipient of the letter, Francis Bacon. George himself understood the Chandos letter in this way when he thanked Hofmannsthal on Christmas day, 1902 for the "double letter," namely Hofmannsthal's own of December 14, 1902 and the enclosed typescript of the Chandos letter.[3] Robert Boehringer has pointed out striking parallels between Hofmannsthal's letters to George and phrases in the imaginary letter;[4] to these one further instance might be added: Lord Chandos' "spiritual torments" consist in the total loss of the ability to think or to speak of anything coherently.[5] The same situation is described by Hofmannsthal in a letter to George of July 24, 1902, written "in einer der schlimmen tiefen Verstimmungen in der mir ... sogar die Klarheit des Denkens qualvoll verloren geht." It would also seem that in the final, beautifully constructed sentence of the Chandos letter are concentrated the very sentiments of love and admiration which Hofmannsthal had expressed to George in similar phrases in his letters of October 13, 1898, May 3 and June 18, 1902.

Yet it would be wrong to read the Chandos letter mainly as a documentary elucidation of the relationship between its author and Stefan

[2] E.g., H. A. Hammelmann, *Hugo von Hofmannsthal* (London, 1957), pp. 17, 22, and *passim*. Similarly Werner Metzeler, *Ursprung und Krise von Hofmannsthal's Mystik* (Munich, 1956), p. 65: the letter is a testimony of poetic impotence. Karl J. Naef, *Hugo von Hofmannsthal, Wesen und Werk* (Zürich and Leipzig, 1938), pp. 67, 70 ff., however, felt that the historical costume furnished the necessary aesthetic distance between the author's person and his work.

[3] *Briefwechsel zwischen George und Hofmannsthal* (Berlin, 1938), p. 175. Herein cited as *Briefwechsel*.

[4] *Ibid.*, p. 247, note to Hofmannsthal's letter of Oct. 13, 1896, and p. 253, note to Hofmannsthal's letter of Oct. 13, 1898.

[5] *Prosa*, II, 12.

George. Nor is the fictitious letter merely the description of the personal crisis that silenced Hofmannsthal forever as a lyrical poet.[6] Even before the summer of 1902, Hofmannsthal had been disturbed by prolonged unproductive periods and had despaired of language as an adequate means of expressing reality.[7] His views about the insufficiency of language extended, in fact, over a period of thirty years and coincided with like sentiments among his contemporaries.[8]

Furthermore, Hofmannsthal himself would not have approved of viewing a work of art primarily as a personal confession of the artist. Like other artists of the time, he was more concerned with the formal execution of a work of art than with its "thought" or "message" or the expression of personal sentiments. Thus the "Einleitungen und Merksprüche" of the *Blätter für die Kunst* were stressing "Darstellung," "künstlerische Umformung eines Lebens," "zusammengefaßtere Ausführung," over and above "Erfindung," "Wirklichkeit," "Leben," or "Meinung." Hofmannsthal himself gave an eloquent description of this "modern" view of art and the artist in 1902, in a dialogue between Balzac and Hammer-Purgstall.[9] This imaginary conversation deals expressly with the relationship between the original personal experience of the artist and his creative work.[10]

Hofmannsthal makes Balzac say: "Es gibt keine Erlebnisse, als das Erlebnis des eigenen Wesens."[11] The artist is likened to a stoker in the boiler room of an ocean liner. As the stoker sometimes comes on deck to fetch a drink and to breathe the night air and the scent of untouched islands, so the artist at times moves among human beings, "when staggering and with dim eyes he crawls out from the fiery belly of his work."

[6] Thus, for instance, Mary E. Gilbert, ed., Hofmannsthal, *Selected Essays* (Oxford, 1955), pp. xiii and 155; Richard Alewyn, *Über Hugo von Hofmannsthal* (Göttingen, 1958), p. 155. The most sensible remarks on the Chandos letter are in my opinion those by Karl-Joachim Krüger, *Hugo von Hofmannsthal und Richard Strauß* (Berlin, 1935), pp. 26-30.

[7] Cf. the remarks in *Prosa*, I (Frankfurt, 1950), 265; *Prosa*, III (Frankfurt, 1952), 376 (R. Borchardt's share in these notes seems to end on p. 375 if we judge by stylistic features); *Gedichte und lyrische Dramen* (Stockholm, 1946), pp. 67 ff. Also *Briefe 1890-1901* (henceforth *Br.*, I), p. 13; *Lustspiele*, II (Stockholm, 1948), 389.

[8] R. M. Rilke, *Sämtliche Werke*, I (Wiesbaden, 1955), 194 f.; cf. Friedrich Wilhelm Wodtke in *Orbis Litterarum*, XI (1956), 64-109; Oskar Seidlin, "The Shroud of Silence," *GR*, XXVIII (1953), 254-261.

[9] *Prosa*, II, 38 ff., especially pp. 44-53. In the 1917 and 1924 editions this essay "Über Charaktere im Roman und Drama" has the subtitle "Ein imaginäres Gespräch," while in the most recent edition we read "Ein Gespräch zwischen Balzac und Hammer-Purgstall in einem Döblinger Garten im Jahre 1842."

[10] Hofmannsthal adopted Dilthey's terminology and spoke of "Erlebnis" or "lebendige Erfahrung."

[11] *Prosa*, II, 45.

But the artist is thereby not poorer in experience than other men; for he finds everything in his work: "die namenlose Wollust der Empfängnis, den entzückenden Ätherrausch des Einfalls, und . . . die unerschöpfliche Qual der Ausführung." Work is the fateful experience of the artist:

> . . . so ganz und gar ist die Arbeit das ganze Schicksal des Künstlers, daß er ringsum in der ganzen Welt nur die Gegenbilder der Zustände wahrzunehmen imstande ist, die er unter den Qualen und Entzückungen des Arbeitens durchzumachen gewohnt ist.[12]

The external world, for so long the object of imitation, is for Hofmannsthal's Balzac no more than "the shell of an emptied egg." The artist can view it at best as a mirror to reflect the ecstasies and dejections of the poets. As a young man he will readily forego the abundance of external experiences and sacrifice the sweet possibilities of life to his work. As an experienced old man he will no longer have an eye for the external world. Hofmannsthal's Balzac exclaims with scorn: "Life! The World! The world is in his work, and his work is his life."[13] If indeed "work," or the labors of execution, are of such crucial concern to Hofmannsthal, it might be well to investigate this aspect of the Chandos letter instead of dwelling on the personal crisis of the author.

Hofmannsthal exemplified in his imaginary letter an artistic principle of which he had an intimation as early as 1896, when he wrote to Hermann Bahr of his hope "eine ganze Prosadichtung durch und durch als *Form* zu erkennen wie das lyrische Gedicht."[14] The device of fictitious dialogues or letters offered him "eine [beglückende] Möglichkeit, synthetische oder stilisierte Sprache zu machen."[15] For Hofmannsthal makes it quite clear that it was the problem of form which attracted him. He wrote to his friend Leopold von Andrian on January 16, 1903 in defence of his working method:

> Von dem, was Du tadelnd bemerkst, will ich nur eines mit einem Einwand aufnehmen. Nämlich daß Du sagst, ich hätte mich zu diesen Geständnissen oder Reflexionen nicht einer historischen Maske bedienen, sondern sie direkt vorbringen sollen. Ich ging aber wirklich vom entgegengesetzten Punkt aus. Ich blätterte im August öfter in den Essays von Bacon, fand die Intimität dieser Epoche reizvoll, träumte mich in die Art und Weise hinein, wie *diese* Leute des XVI. Jahrhunderts die Antiken empfanden, bekam Lust, etwas in *diesem Sprechton* zu machen und

[12] *Ibid.*, p. 47.

[13] *Ibid.*, p. 50.

[14] *Br.*, I, 206. The same letter also uses the term "schallverstärkende Maske"; see below note 17. *Briefe 1900-1909* will be designated *Br.*, II.

[15] *Br.*, II, 155. The love for "synthesized or stylized language" is typical for Hofmannsthal's production throughout his life. A reference to a letter from the summer of 1904 might, therefore, be permissible.

der Gehalt, den ich, um nicht kalt zu wirken, einem eigenen inneren Erlebnis, einer lebendigen Erfahrung entlehnen mußte, kam *dazu*. Ich dachte und denke an eine Kette ähnlicher Kleinigkeiten. Das Buch würde heißen "Erfundene Gespräche und Briefe." Ich denke, darin kein einziges bloß formales, kostümiertes Totengespräch zu geben—der Gehalt soll überall für mich und mir Nahestehende aktuell sein,—aber wenn Du mich wieder heißen wolltest, diesen Gehalt *direkt* zu geben, so ginge für mich aller Anreiz zu dieser Arbeit verloren,—der starke Reiz für mich ist, vergangene Zeiten nicht ganz tot sein zu lassen, oder Fernes, Fremdes als nah verwandt spüren zu machen.[16]

As indicated by the deprecatory term "Kleinigkeiten," Hofmannsthal regarded the Chandos letter and productions of similar, possibly better quality as "journalistic activity," not in the sense of journalism then current but in the sense explained to Stefan George on June 18, 1902:

Iche hatte von der Kindheit an ein fiberhaftes Bestreben, dem Geist unserer verworrenen Epoche auf den verschiedensten Wegen, in den verschiedensten Verkleidungen beizukommen. Und die Verkleidung eines gewissen Journalismus —in einem so anständigen Sinn genommen, daß allenfalls jemand wie Ruskin . . . als Vertreter davon anzusehen wäre—hat mich öfters mächtig angezogen.[17]

Some five years later, Hofmannsthal wrote a review of a book by Oskar H. Schmitz under the heading "Umrisse eines neuen Journalismus."[18] He mentioned H. G. Wells, Lowes Dickinson, Lafcadio Hearn, and Maurice Barrès as representatives of a "respectable" journalism. He felt that a serious and reliable, yet unpedantic journalism was characterized by the absence of a learned apparatus, by tact, discretion, and ease in leading from one theme to the next. Hofmannsthal admired such "cultural" journalism not so much for its material content as for its form:

Das meiste von dem Material, das Lessing benützte, gehörte, als Material, anderen Leuten. Aber seine unsterbliche Person ist in der Intensität seines Satzbaues und in der wundervollen, mutigen Geste seiner Wendungen.[19]

Similarly, we shall find that a good deal of material in "Ein Brief" is taken from others, but the intensity of the diction and the verbal "gestures," so to speak, are Hofmannsthal's own. If we follow, however, Hofmannsthal's lead and turn to Bacon's essays, we do not there find the characteristic "Sprechton" of "Ein Brief." Bacon's short and simple sentences are the very opposite of Hofmannsthal's well-con-

[16] *Br.*, II, 99 f. Any future edition of Hofmannsthal's correspondence ought to transfer this letter from the years 1900-1902 to the period 1903-1905.

[17] *Briefwechsel*, pp. 154 f.

[18] *Prosa*, II, 299-303. The two hundred pages of Schmitz's *Französische Gesellschaftsprobleme* (Berlin, 1907) still make good reading; the author mentions Hofmannsthal several times, and also Harry Graf Kessler and Rudolf Kassner.

[19] *Prosa*, II, 301 f.

structed periods which read at times like a German version of Ciceronian prose. Bacon is concentrated, pithy, and aphoristic, whereas Hofmannsthal's involved periods are discursive, meditative, and descriptive. And yet, the Chandos letter reminds the reader constantly of sixteenth-century England, especially through a wealth of classical allusions, mythological figures, actual titles of literary works, and glimpses of the life of an English gentleman. Its tone, while not that of the somewhat cold and pragmatic Bacon, is the poetic speech of a Spenser or a Sidney or even of a Lyly; at times it reminds us in melancholy or theological passages of Richard Hooker. It is impossible and perhaps not even desirable to trace all the sources of Hofmannsthal's work; much of it probably derived "aus dem geheimnisvollen Abgrund des niemals schlafenden, umbildenden Gedächtnisses."[20] My intention is merely to throw some light on the poet's method of creating a "synthetic" or "stylized" language, while admitting at the same time that we cannot hope to fathom the "abyss of the never sleeping, transforming memory" of Hofmannsthal.

The second paragraph of Lord Chandos' letter begins as follows:

> Sie schließen mit dem Aphorisma des Hippokrates: "Qui gravi morbo correpti dolores non sentiunt, iis mens aegrotat" und meinen, ich bedürfe der Medizin nicht nur, um mein Übel zu bändigen, sondern noch mehr, um meinen Sinn für den Zustand meines Innern zu schärfen.

In Bacon's *De Augmentis Scientiarum*, Book VII, Chapter III, we read: "... quin potius cum illo Hippocratis aphorismo concludimus; *Qui gravi morbo correpti dolores non sentiunt, iis mens aegrotat.* Medicina illis hominibus opus est, non solum ad curandum morbum, sed ad sensum expergefaciendum."[21] Hofmannsthal's only addition to Bacon's text is "für den Zustand meines Innern." This elaboration was necessary not only because it clarified the meaning, but because it announced the theme of the Chandos letter.

In another part of "Ein Brief" we read: "Ich gedachte eine Sammlung 'Apophthegmata' anzulegen, wie deren eine Julius Caesar verfaßt hat: Sie erinnern die Erwähnung in einem Briefe des Cicero."[22] Bacon's preface to *Apophthegmes: New and Old* (London, 1625) begins thus: "Julius Caesar did write a Collection of Apophthegms, as appears in

[20] *Br.*, II, 152

[21] The Works of Francis Bacon, *Works*, ed. J. Spedding, R. L. Ellis, and D. D. Heath (Boston, 1860 ff.), III, 34; English translation, IX, 215. Hereafter cited as *Works*. The Hofmannsthal papers at Harvard may contain a clue as to the language in which he read Bacon—Latin, English, or German.

[22] *Prosa*, II, 10.

an epistle of Cicero."[23] Here is the germ, then, the barest substratum for Hofmannsthal's long paragraph which culminates in the programmatic title for Chandos contemplated collection of curious sayings, reflections and actions: *Nosce te ipsum.* Hofmannsthal could find the old adage countless times in the literature of sixteenth-century England, but it also had for him a very personal meaning as shown in his own "Ad me ipsum."

If we look further into Bacon's *Apophthegms* we find under No. 157 the story of Crassus' *Muraena*[24] which plays such an important role toward the end of the Chandos letter. Hofmannsthal took his version from Bacon and from no one else; for Bacon, like Hofmannsthal, mentions only two wives of Domitius, whereas the whole classical tradition[25] speaks of three wives. More interesting, however, than Hofmannsthal's borrowing is the way in which the modern author applied Bacon's prescription about the use of apophthegms. Bacon had said in the *Advancement of Learning,* Book II, Chapter XII, "Apophthegms serve not for pleasure only and ornament, but also for action and business; being, as one called them, *mucrones verborum,*—speeches with a point or edge, whereby knots in business are pierced and severed."[26] The Crassus anecdote serves Hofmannsthal to bring the business of the imaginary letter to its culmination. Hofmannsthal's Lord Chandos also uses this Crassus, "enamoured of a tame morary," "as a mirrored image of his Self, reflected across the abyss of centuries." That is to say, Hofmannsthal followed Bacon's advice about the use of apophthegms: "They serve if you take out the kernel of them, and make them your own."[27]

Another point of contact with Bacon is Chandos' plan: "Wirklich, ich wollte die ersten Regierungsjahre unseres verstorbenen glorreichen Souveräns, des achten Heinrich, darstellen!"—which seems clearly to refer to the few pages from Bacon's hand which Dr. Rawley published in 1629 under the title "The beginning of the Reign of King Henry VIII."[28] There is not merely the verbal similarity of "the beginning of

[23] *Works,* XIII, 327.
[24] *Ibid.,* XIII, 361.
[25] See Plutarch, *Moralia,* 89, 811, 976 A; Aelianus, *Hist. Anim.,* VIII, 4.
[26] *Works,* II, 219; VIII, 438.
[27] From Bacon's preface to the "Apophthegmes," *Works,* XIII, 327.
[28] This is the title in Thomas Park's edition of *A Catalogue of the Royal and Noble Authors . . .,* by Horace Walpole (London, 1806), II, 201. Spedding's edition of Bacon's *Works,* XI, 391, calls the fragment "The Beginning of the History of the Reign of King Henry the Eighth." Hence it is likely that Hofmannsthal noticed the title in the *Catalogue.* Herbert of Cherbury's "The life and reign of King Henry the Eighth" of 1649 seems an unlikely model for Hofmannsthal.

the reign" and "die ersten Regierungsjahre," but Chandos' exclamation "Was ist der Mensch, daß er Pläne macht!" seems also in keeping with Bacon's failure to fulfill Prince Charles' "commandment touching my history of Henry the Eighth." But once more Hofmannsthal in "Ein Brief" elaborated on the plan of such a history and introduced the problem of form, so crucial for him. First, he invented for his Chandos the sources of such a history of Henry VIII, he then portrayed Chandos as reading Sallust and finding in the Roman historian "the deep, true, inner form beyond the underbrush of rhetorical artifices." He finally epitomized this form through a favorite romantic simile: "ein Ding, herrlich wie Musik und Algebra."[29] In other words, Hofmannsthal started from a fragmentary Baconian work, then conjured up a fictitious grandfather for his imaginary Lord Chandos as well as notes which this grandfather supposedly had left about his negotiations with France and Portugal. Chandos, thus furnished with the material for his planned history, now had to look about for the form in which the material was to be cast. What better model could Chandos find than the somber historian of the late Roman Republic? But Hofmannsthal was aware of the poet's inalienable right to be anachronistic, and did not hesitate to put into the mouth of Lord Chandos formulations appropriate to a Goethe or a Novalis. Hofmannsthal moved freely through the centuries, took what suited his intentions, and combined the ingredients into an imaginative portrait such as never existed in reality. He thereby fulfilled his aim of being "aktuell" and avoided "dialogues of costumed dead."[30]

Another plan of Lord Chandos, immediately following his proposed history of Henry VIII, exemplifies particularly well Hofmannsthal's synthetic method. The passage reads:

> Ich wollte die Fabeln und mythischen Erzählungen, welche die Alten uns hinterlassen haben, und an denen die Maler und Bildhauer ein endloses und gedankenloses Gefallen finden, aufschließen als die Hieroglyphen einer geheimen, unerschöpflichen Weisheit, deren Anhauch ich manchmal, wie hinter einem Schleier, zu spüren meinte.
>
> Ich entsinne mich dieses Planes. Es lag ihm ich weiß nicht welche sinnliche und geistige Lust zugrunde: Wie der gehetzte Hirsch ins Wasser, sehnte ich mich hinein in diese nackten, glänzenden Leiber, in diese Sirenen und Dryaden, diesen Narcissus und Proteus, Perseus und Aktäon: verschwinden wollte ich in ihnen und aus ihnen heraus mit Zungen reden.[31]

---

[29] Donald Davie, *Articulate Energy: An Inquiry into the Syntax of English Poetry* (London, 1955) starts his argument with this passage from the Chandos letter. The affinity of music and algebra, for instance, in Novalis, *Schriften*, ed. J. Minor, III, 107. See also the aphorism in Novalis, II, 233.

[30] See note 16 above.

[31] *Prosa*, II, 9 f.

The first paragraph of this quotation is a condensation and transformation of passages in Book II, Chapter XIII of *De Augmentis Scientiarum*[32] discussing "Poesis Parabolica" which Bacon considered of a higher character than either narrative or dramatic poesy—sacred and venerable even though corrupted by the levity and idleness of wits dealing with allegory. "Endloses und gedankenloses Gefallen der Maler und Bildhauer" may echo Bacon's "levitas et indulgentia ingeniorum." Parabolic poetry, according to Bacon, serves as an infoldment, namely of those things the dignity of which requires that they should be seen as through a veil. Bacon believes that a mystery is involved in no small number of the ancient fables; they seem to be a "kind of breath" from the traditions of more ancient nations which fell into the pipes of the Greeks. Hofmannsthal's phrase, "geheime, unerschöpfliche Weisheit, deren *Anhauch* ich manchmal, wie hinter einem *Schleier*, zu spüren meine," echoes Bacon's "sensus mysticus," "tamquam velo quodam discreta," and "instar tenuis cuisdam *aurae*."

There also occurs in Hofmannsthal the crucial word "Hieroglyphen" which Bacon always used in its concrete sense of pictographic writing in contrast to the use of letters. In the same thirteenth chapter, Bacon says: "ut hieroglyphica literis, ita parabola argumentis erant antiquiores." Hofmannsthal, however, uses "Hieroglyphen" as it was used in the German romantic tradition[33] and as he himself used it later in the *Gespräch über Gedichte* (1904): "Die Tiere die eigentlichen Hieroglyphen . . . lebendige geheimnisvolle Chiffren, mit denen Gott unaussprechliche Dinge in die Welt geschrieben hat,"[34] and in *Die Briefe des Zurückgekehrten* (1908): "Ein menschliches Gesicht, das ist eine Hieroglyphe, ein heiliges, bestimmtes Zeichen."[35] Novalis, whom Hofmannsthal read much, assigned the fable to *Hieroglyphistik* and called it "eine hieroglyphische Formel."[36] The first paragraph of our quotation is thus an amalgamation of Baconian ideas and German romantic thinking which itself owed much to the pansophists of the seventeenth and early eighteenth century.

The second paragraph begins with an echo from the forty-second

[32] *Works*, II, 224 f.; English translation, VIII, 442 f.

[33] E.g., in Eichendorff's *Ahnung und Gegenwart*, Ch. III: "Das Leben . . . mit seinen bunten Bildern verhält sich zum Dichter, wie ein unübersehbar weitläufiges Hieroglyphenbuch . . . zum Leser."

[34] *Prosa*, II, 102.

[35] *Ibid.*, p. 333.

[36] *Schriften*, II, 236; III, 78 f. This latter fragment, No. 379, looks very much like a reworking of Bacon's ideas about parabolic poesy. Novalis' dictum (III, 27) "Heilige, unerschöpfliche Hieroglyphe jeder Menschengestalt" reappears metamorphosed in Hofmannsthal, *Prosa*, II, 333, quoted above.

Psalm: the hart panting after water brooks has become a "hunted hart" as though it came from the Scotch Highlands. Hofmannsthal ends with a figure of speech from the second chapter of Acts, "speaking with tongues." The thought moves from desire to fulfillment and secularizes the crying out to the Lord and the coming of the Holy Ghost. Between the two Biblical allusions, the author wishes to vanish in the naked physical shapes of mythological figures. Five of the six named here were treated in Bacon's *De Sapientia Veterum*,[37] a collection in which Hofmannsthal certainly could have found "die Art und Weise . . . wie *diese* Leute des XVI. Jahrhunderts die Antike empfanden." The "sensual and spiritual" desire on which Chandos' plan was founded could, in my opinion, not have been expressed more felicitously than by this pasticcio of Biblical and classical allusions. This is no longer the young Hofmannsthal's facetious and precocious attitude as it was expressed in a poetic letter to Richard Beer-Hofman " . . . manchmal / Ist es gar nicht unvergnüglich, / Einen fremden Stil zu schreiben, / Wenn es regnet."[38] The style of "Ein Brief" is Hofmannsthal's own; we have here a new poetic creation fashioned from old materials, truly "that form of which one can no longer say that it organizes subject matter, for it penetrates it, dissolves it, creating at once both dream and reality"—to use the words of Lord Chandos.

The reshaping of traditional material is characteristic of Hofmannsthal's procedure in the Chandos letter as well as in most of his larger works. Sometimes the procedure is simply anachronistic. Lord Chandos' explanation of the title of his encyclopaedic work "Nosce te ipsum," for instance, consists of a description of his state of mind when he still was filled with youthful projects. His mental state corresponds closely to Novalis' ideas as expressed in the introductory paragraphs of *Die Lehrlinge zu Sais*. Hofmannsthal's Chandos and Novalis' apprentice are both conscious of a great unity which binds together the disparate phenomena of this world. Both see correspondences everywhere, both have an intimation that everything is a parable, and every thing in creation a key to something else. Chandos writes "Mir erschien damals in einer Art von andauernder Trunkenheit das ganze Dasein als eine große Einheit,"[39] and thus states in different words what Novalis had meant by "Nun fand er überall Bekanntes wieder . . . Nun fand er bald nichts mehr allein."

At other times, Hofmannsthal is as faithful to historical fact as any

[37] *Works*, XII, 419 ff.; the English translation follows the end of the Latin text, XIII, 67 ff.
[38] *Br.*, I, 51; July 22, 1892.
[39] *Prosa*, II, 10.

historian could be. There is, indeed, one passage in "Ein Brief" the meaning of which will escape any reader who is not as familiar with sixteenth-century views and terminology as Hofmannsthal apparently was. Lord Chandos exclaims after a series of rhetorical questions: "Es ist Rhetorik in diesen Fragen, Rhetorik, die gut ist für Frauen oder für das Haus der Gemeinen."[40] It is easy to see why rhetoric should be appropriate for the House of Commons, but why is it good for women? Women are proverbially and unjustly charged with talking too much, with gabbing and gossiping. But idle chatter or loquaciousness is not the same as rhetoric. Lord Chandos' remark makes sense only if we recall that "Rhethoricke's Cookery" was a common charge made by those who espoused philosophy rather than rhetoric.[41] Hofmannsthal could have read Bacon's qualified defense of rhetoric in Book VI, Chapter III of *De Augmentis*: " . . . in Platone summa fuit iniquitas . . . cum Rhetoricam inter artes voluptarias collocavit; eam similem esse dicens Coquinariae, quae non minus cibos salubros corrumperet, quam insalubres gratiores redderet." He could equally well have remembered the appropriate passages in *Gorgias*, 463b and 465d, from his excellent education in the Gymnasium. However this may be, Hofmannsthal must have visualized, when reading the metaphor of rhetoric's cookery, those who traditionally perform the office of cooking, namely women. He restored the dead metaphor to life and produced a conceit worthy of Dr. Johnson.

From Hofmannsthal himself we know only that he read Francis Bacon's *Essays*. Obviously, however, he must have read a number of other works of the "foremost Englishman" of the time. He also incorporated in the Chandos letter classical materials which do not seem to occur in Bacon, such as the praise of Sallust mentioned above. Hofmannsthal exemplified his thoughts and emotions by calling on the ancients with the same ease with which an educated gentleman or lady of the sixteenth century was wont to quote them. He used the classics not as a pedant but as a poet uses them. Moreover, he changed his "sources" where the intensity of feeling called for a change. One of the descriptive high points of the letter is Chandos' vision of the dying rats. This vision closes with three classical "exempla." At first the destruction of Alba Longa is cited, as reported in Livy, I, 29, then the burning of Carthage, and finally a truly "mythological," not merely historical, example is given:

> Wenn ein dienender Sklave voll ohnmächtigen Schauders in der Nähe der erstarrenden Niobe stand, der muß das durchgemacht haben, was ich durchmachte, als in mir die Seele dieses Tieres gegen das ungeheure Verhängnis die Zähne bleckte.

[40] *Ibid.*, 8.
[41] See George Williamson, *The Senecan Amble* (Chicago, 1951), p. 108.

Yet Hofmannsthal's paraphrase of "the wonderful description in Livy of the hours preceding the destruction of Alba Longa" differs markedly from Livy's text.[42] Not only is the mood of the inhabitants, their sad silence, and their quiet mourning in Livy the very opposite of the vain convulsions and frenzied search for escape of the dying rats; but Livy also emphasizes the absence of *tumultus* and *pavor*, usually connected with the conquest of a city, and there is no word in Livy of "wie sie von den Steinen des Bodens Abschied nehmen." Hofmannsthal possessed a strong historical sense which he defined correctly and paradoxically as "a certain audacity to look at thinks in an extremely unhistorical way."[43]

Nowhere, perhaps, is his faculty of anachronistic imagination more apparent than in the choice of the name Philip Chandos for the writer of the imaginary letter. Chandos is, according to Hofmannsthal, the younger son of the Earl of Bath and a grandson of the Duke of Exeter who had conducted negotiations with France and Portugal. No Lord Chandos is known by the name of Philip, there never was a connection between the Earls of Bath and the Chandos family, and the last Duke of Exeter had died in 1475. We do not know how Hofmannsthal became familiar with the name Chandos. He may have found it in Bacon. A Lord Chandos (or Chandoys) was among the "three hundred gentlemen of prime note" present at Essex House on February 8, 1600/01. Apparently, he was a friend of the Earl of Essex, but not one of the conspirators, for he was one of the twenty-five peers who passed upon the Earls of Essex and Southampton on February 19, 1600/01. This was William, the fourth Lord Chandos, who died November 18, 1602 and cannot have written our letter, dated August 22, 1603. Yet the writer of our letter speaks of the Queen as though she were still living. Giles, third Lord Chandos, who died February 21, 1593/94, had enter-

[42] Hofmannsthal's independence from his "sources" is apparent in a passage contained in the first publication of "Der Dichter und diese Zeit" in *Die Neue Rundschau* (1907) and omitted from subsequent editions. Richard Alewyn called attention to it in *Euphorion*, XLIX (1955), 467, note 61. Hofmannsthal there tells of the poisoning of lions by their tamer. The "Danish writer" in whose book Hofmannsthal claims to have read the story is Hermann Bang; the story is entitled "Fratelli Bedini"; but Hofmannsthal changed the lion tamer's dull fury against the animals to an indiscribable sadness of a man "who kills the animals he loves." Shades of Oscar Wilde! Since Alewyn quotes (p. 455, note 21) Hofmannsthal's characterizatic ı of "die Prinzessin im Tasso," I should like to point out the origin of the English phrase in Hofmannsthal's *Unterhaltung über den Tasso* (1906). "Here there is a kind of moral sexlessness, an ineffectual wholeness of nature, yet with a divine beauty and significance of its own" was said by Walter Pater in his Winckelmann essay about the statues of Greek gods, before Hofmannsthal applied it to Goethe's princess.

[43] *Br.*, I, 154, to Harry Gomperz, July 25, 1895.

tained Queen Elizabeth on her progress at Sudeley Castle in September 1592, where on the second day of her stay the short but sorrowful tale of Daphne was performed.[44] Is it accidental that among those "pastorals . . . which a divine Queen and a few all too indulgent lords and gentlemen are gracious enough still to remember" and which Philip Chandos mentions among his youthful productions there is also a "Dream of Daphne"? But only Grey Brydges, fifth Lord Chandos, who succeeded his father on November 18, 1602, would approximate in age the writer of our letter, who claims to be twenty-six. The fifth lord was known as a noble housekeeper of ample fortune, which he expended in the most generous manner. Sir John Beaumont, elder brother of Francis Beaumont, wrote an elegiac memorial to him which only too aptly closes with the lines:

> These hasty strokes, unperfect draughts shall stand,
> Expecting life from some more skillful hand.[45]

Hofmannsthal's skillful hand drew a composite picture of these three Lords Chandos and filled it in with features taken from Goethe, Spenser, and his own person. The appropriate grammatical form of the syncretism that has taken place is the very questioning of personal identity[46] in the phrase of the writer of the letter:

> Bin denn ichs, der nun Sechsundzwanzigjährige, der mit neunzehn jenen "Neuen Paris," jenen "Traum der Daphne," jenes "Epithalamium" hinschrieb, diese unter dem Prunk ihrer Worte hintaumelnden Schäferspiele . . . ?

"Der neue Paris" is Goethe's "Knabenmärchen"; "Epithalamium" may be Spenser's or it may refer to any one of the countless poems of this favorite type in the sixteenth century. "Traum der Daphne" may have been suggested by the performance at Sudeley Castle or by Spenser's *Daphnaida* or simply because it sounded so good. Only Hofmannsthal knew when or what Daphne could have dreamed.[47]

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[44] John Lyly, *Complete Works*, ed. R. Warwick Bond (Oxford, 1902), I, 477-484.

[45] The elegy can be found in the Rev. Alexander B. Grosart's edition of *The Poems of Sir John Beaumont, Bart.* (1869), pp. 184 f., also in part in Sir Egerton Brydges' *Imaginative Biography* (London, 1834), II, 142 f. Brydges claims on p. 123 that Grey Brydges "was a friend of the Earl of Essex," which seems improbable unless he was called Lord Chandos before his succession to the title. See also Sir Egerton Brydges' *Memoirs of the Peers of England* (London, 1802), pp. 383 ff.

[46] See Richard Alewyn, *Euphorion*, XLIX (1955), p. 465, on the importance of the question "What is the I?" for Hofmannsthal.

[47] It is possible that Hofmannsthal found Lord Chandos' name in Thomas Park's edition of Horace Walpole's *A Catalogue of the Royal and Noble Authors of England*, (London, 1806), II, 184-189. The portions from *Horae Subsecivae*

There is still more to be said about the style of the letter. Miss Gilbert remarks that Hofmannsthal "had indeed attuned his style most admirably to the century he has chosen." Yet very different styles were employed at that time by different writers; in fact, there raged a controversy[48] between the "Ciceronians and sugar tongued fellows, which labour more for fineness of speach than for knowledge of good matter" and those others who strive for worth of subject, soundness of argument, life of invention, and depth of judgment rather than for the sweet falling of the clauses and the illustration of their works with tropes and figures. Miss Gilbert argues that the chief interest of the letter must remain the thought content. Hofmannsthal himself would probably have disagreed with this evaluation. In his "Unterhaltung über Gottfried Keller,"[49] at least, he emphatically disparaged the facile separation of "das Innere" and "das Äußere" either in art or in life.

While no one will doubt the genuineness of the letter's thought content, which is, after all, Hofmannsthal's own and very personal conviction, neither ought we to doubt the external form in which the thought is expressed. This form is, broadly speaking, "Ciceronianism, the chief abuse of Oxford"; but the sixteenth-century antithesis of "verba sectari" and "res ipsas negligere"[50] no longer exists in the Chandos letter. "Verba sectatur nec tamen res ipsas negligit," might be said of Hofmannsthal, even though Bacon would have charged him with "an excess of eloquence."

How the external and the internal correspond may be seen in one small example. The first paragraph of the actual letter consists of two sentences of which the first begins "Es ist sehr gütig von Ihnen" and the second with the comparative "Es ist mehr als gütig." *Steigerung* in its twofold sense of "enhancement" and "comparison of adjectives" is here used by Hofmannsthal. The second sentence contains, moreover, almost three times the number of words in the first. The long

printed there, supposedly written by the fifth Lord Chandos and dealing with "Country Life," may have furnished the background for part of the Chandos letter (*Prosa*, II, 19).

[48] The argument is judiciously and historically presented by Bacon in the first book of *De Augmentis*, *Works*, II, 125 ff. See also Harold S. Wilson's introduction to his edition of Gabriel Harvey, *Ciceronianus* (Lincoln, Neb., 1945).

[49] *Prosa*, II, 196 f.

[50] Sir Philip Sidney's letter to his brother Robert, Oct. 18, 1580, in Steuart A. Pears, ed., *The Correspondence of Sir Philip Sidney and Hubert Languet* (London, 1845), p. 201. Hofmannsthal's phrase "in welcher ich vielleicht einst im Grabe vor einem unbekannten Richter mich verantworten werde" (quoted above) has an interesting analogy in a letter from John Lyly to Lord Burleigh of July 1582: "And God is my witness, before whome I speak, and before whome for my speech I shall answer."

period, however, is governed by "the expression of lightness and jest" with which Bacon is credited by Chandos and "which only great men, convinced of the perilousness of life yet not discouraged by it, can master." If the style is the man, then Hofmannsthal showed real greatness in the mastery of language, an art which for him was fraught with as many perils as life itself.

At this point it may be well to remember that Hofmannsthal's Lord Chandos writes to Bacon in German. If it were merely a question of translating the argument or the content of this German letter into the English idiom, it should be fairly easy to pass off the imaginary letter as a document from Elizabethan England. Actually, however, even a translation as excellent as that by Tania and James Stern cannot conceal the fact that it is a translation. The reason lies in the very nature of poetry, which does not depend on the content but is surely inseparable from language. Sir Philip Sidney might have been the spiritual father of Philip Chandos when he wrote in *An Apologie for Poetrie*: "Only the poet . . . lifted up with the vigor of his own Invention, doth grow in effect another nature, in making things either better than Nature bringeth forth, or, quite anew, forms such as never were in Nature." Hofmannsthal, in his imaginary letter, went hand in hand with the English sixteenth century, yet not "enclosed within the narrow warrant of its gifts." He ranged freely within the zodiac of his own wit and created the rich tapestry of a past life which never was, but easily might have been.

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# Oxymora in Spanish Mystics and English Metaphysical Writers

RHETORIC and mystical philosophy spearheaded the assault of Neo-Latin Catholic zeal on post-Reformation England. Since that time much literal ink and some figurative blood have been spilled to determine why and how certain gifted writers of Spain's golden age of mysticism may have influenced the English metaphysical school. Yet there has been little attention to the common use of oxymora among the writers in question. An intellectual shock technique dating, perhaps from the original "paradox of the fortunate fall," the oxymoron is notoriously adaptable. Half rhetoric and half philosophy, it was not ill placed among the grotesque images, puns, quibbling, Latinisms, allegory, and personifications of Gongorism, conceptism, and Marinism. Its spiritual summit was reached in the writings of ecstatic and down-to-earth Spanish mystics who found such terms as "dying life," "sweet wounds of love," "fire and water," and "blind vision" a subtle and exact means of defining the all-important body and soul relationships. Echoes of the rhetoric and the philosophy are to be found in English metaphysical literature.

The oxymoron was a most natural way of expressing a core idea of Spanish mysticism: that the great unifying force of God's love blots out apparent contrarieties in the mind of the truly devout. As Diego de Estella explains with deceptively mild understatement: "Very cold is that which God does not make hot, very hard that which He does not soften, and very ungrateful he who does not give space to His sacred

love."[1] To the Spanish mystics, the oxymoron delivered a soothing shock, a nudge to frail understanding, a proof of God's power less drastic than the ecstasy or "death more mystical and high" which offered certainty in payment for loss of self. At best, English metaphysical writers admired, approached, or fleetingly attained the "mystical death"; at worst they profaned it.[2] That they could and did make comfortable use of the oxymoron is indicated by some lines of Richard Crashaw addressed to "the Babe" and written in the vernacular of the market place. Crashaw hails the "scholler[s]" of that " new night" who "negotiate" Christ by

> ... Maintaining 'twixt thy world & ours
> A commerce of contrary powers,
> A mutuall trade
> 'Twixt sun & SHADE
> By confederat BLACK & WHITE
> Borrowing day & lending night.
> ("In the Glorious Epiphany," lines 214-219)

Notable among Spanish writers who made use of oxymora were Diego de Estella (1523-78), Franciscan mystic and ascetic; Saint Teresa (1515-82), Carmelite mystic; Luis de León (1527-91), Augustinian ascetic and mystic; and John of the Cross (1542-91), Carmelite mystic. Many of the oxymora these writers used appear also in the writings of Robert Southwell (1581-95), John Donne (1572-1631), Richard Crashaw (1612-49), Joseph Beaumont (1616-49), and Henry Vaughan (1622-95).

Investigation into possible contacts of English writers with Spanish mystical literature is hampered by Protestant England's careless or timid attitude toward Catholic borrowings and the fact that many of them had to be absorbed into a more neutral language before entering a country which equated Spain, Papacy, and villainy. Indeed, Robert Southwell suffered martyrdom after his education in Douay and Rome when those Catholic universities were strongly influenced by Spanish fervor. He translated Diego de Estella's *Meditaciones devotísimas del amor de Diós* (ca. 1586) from an Italian source, and in 1595 introduced the tears theme of penitence literature in *Mary Magdalen's Teares* and *Saint Peter's Complaint*, couched in the mannerisms of the Italian concettists.

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[1] *Meditaciones del amor de Diós*, in *Místicos franciscanos españoles* (Madrid, 1948), III, 332.

[2] See Eleanor McCann, "Donne and Saint Teresa on the Ecstasy," *Huntington Library Quarterly*, XVII (1954), 125-133, and Robert G. Collimer, "Crashaw's 'Death Misticall & High,'" *Journal of English and Germanic Philology*, LV (1956), 373-381.

Although John Donne also came of suppressed Catholics "hungry of an imagin'd Martyrdome,"[3] he made only cryptic references to his Spanish travels and extensive library of Spanish "autors in Divinity."[4] In his sermons he referred often to Teresa's close associates, and he owned a copy of *Josefina* by Jerónimo Gracián, Teresa's annotator and apologist,[5] whose work as compiler of contemporary "philosophies" Donne acknowledged.[6] Another popularizer of Spanish "philosophy" was familiar to Henry Vaughan, who translated Juan Eusebio Nieremberg's *De Arte Voluntatis* from a Latin source in 1651.

Joseph Beaumont, a pioneer scholar of Spanish mysticism, received his M.A. from Porterhouse with Richard Crashaw in 1638 and delivered a Latin oration in which he introduced Teresa's "dying life" oxymoron. Appropriately, he exclaimed: "O with what sweetness may you breathe your last in her writings! O how least a death it would be, in her writings to die!"[7] Crashaw carried out the implications of Beaumont's appeal with almost complete literalness. Among his poems devoted to the saint, his most direct reference to her works is in the title taken from *The Flaming Heart*, an English version of her life by Sir Tobie Matthew, S.J., printed in Antwerp in 1642.[8] Like Beaumont and others, he made use of the "dying life" oxymoron which Teresa helped to popularize.

This oxymoron is readily illustrative of the versatility with which its species is endowed. Mediaeval mystics transmitted it to the troubadours, who helped to spread it from Provence to Portugal and Spain. In Italy and Spain the figure passed back and forth between secular and religious poetry. In Italy, Dante made it spiritual; Petrarch brought it down to earth; later interpreters of Petrarch reverted to a spiritual interpretation. Teresa conceived the refrain "I am dying because I do not die" after hearing a gifted nun sing a variation of a *villancico* dating from the fifteenth century.[9] John of the Cross and Luis de León borrowed it from her or earlier sources. It became popular in English love poetry and was a cliché of Marinistic verse.

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[3] *Complete Poetry and Selected Prose*, ed. John Hayward (London, 1936), p. 421.

[4] *Ibid.*, p. 458.

[5] J. A. Muñoz Rojas, "Un libro español en la biblioteca de Donne," *Revista de Filología Española*, XXV (1944), 108-111.

[6] Donne, *Complete Poetry and Selected Prose*, p. 382.

[7] Quoted in Austin Warren, *Richard Crashaw, A Study in Baroque Sensibility* (Baton Rouge, 1939), p. 44.

[8] Sister Miriam Bernard, "More Than a Woman," *Catholic World*, CLX (1944), 52.

[9] Helmut Hatzfeld, "Two Types of Mystical Poetry," *American Benedictine Review*, I (1950), 423-426.

When Robert Southwell returned to England in 1598, he found the living-death oxymoron, so popular in Italy and Spain, already common in love poetry, such as Gascoigne's.[10] Southwell wrote four lyrics —"Life is But Losse," "I Dye Alive," "What Joy to Live," "Life's Death, Love's Life"—in which he restored the oxymoron to its spiritual context. John Donne used this oxymoron freely. Perhaps his most powerful use of it is the complaint, in "Deaths Duell," that the Lord will neither "let me dye, nor let me live, but dye an everlasting life, and live an everlasting death."[11]

Richard Crashaw acknowledged Teresa as the source of this oxymoron in the last lines of "The Flaming Heart":

> Let me so ready thy life, that I
> Unto all life of mine may die.
> (Lines 108-109)

In "A Song" he connects it with the "sweet wounds of love," another oxymoron made famous by Teresa and John of the Cross:

> Though still I die, I live again;
> Still longing to be still slain.
> So gainful is such loss of breath
> I die even in desire of death.
> Still live in me this loving strife
> Of living *Death* and dying *Life.*
> For while thou sweetly slayest me
> Dead to myself, I live in thee.
> (Lines 9-16)

The same two oxymora and an allied "dainty vigor" flow turgidly into the puns and personifications of Marinistic derivation in *Psyche* (or *Love's Mystery Displaying the Intercourse betwixt Christ and the Soul*) by Joseph Beaumont:

> *Life* is the point of these mysterious *Darts*
> Which with clear *Joy* and dainty *Vigor* slay.
> They slay indeed, yet still reviving be;
> They nothing murder but *Mortality.*
> (III, 34)

> I yield, I yield, great Lord: Why must thy *Dart*
> Be always killing Me, yet never slay
> My ever-dying, still-surviving Heart?
> (III, 225)

The "sweet wounds of love" oxymoron employed by Crashaw and

[10] Pierre Janelle, *Robert Southwell the Writer* (New York, 1935), pp. 361-362.
[11] *Complete Poetry and Selected Prose*, p. 663.

Beaumont originated in an experience of Teresa, who, after long meditations on Christ's wounds, was herself allowed a transverberation, not by sword, but by a burning dart applied by a "Seraph" which she mistakenly believed to be a "Cherub."

> So great was the pain, that it made me give some moans; and so excessive the sweetness that this exceeding pain gives me, that there is no desire that it depart, nor is the soul content with less than God.[12]

Crashaw's references to the wounds of love administered by the flaming dart are frequent. In "Sancta Maria" he calls "Dear, doleful hearts" their "own best darts." In the poem to the Countesse of Denbigh he asks the lady to drink the "wholesome dart," the "healing shaft," the "dart of loue."

In the "Hymn to Saint Teresa" Crashaw accepts her confessor's correction of the classification of the Angel:

> The fair'st & first-born sons of fire
> Blest Seraphim, Shall leaue their quire
> And turn loue's soldiers, vpon THEE
> To exercise their archerie.
> (Lines 94-97)

He refers to Teresa's desire that the pain should not depart and uses a phrase reminiscent of another of her oxymora, "una pena tan delgada y penetrativa":[13]

> O how oft shalt thou complain
> Of a sweet and subtle Pain.
> Of intolerable JOYES;
> Of a Death, in which who dyes
> Loues his death, and dyes again.
> And would for euer so be slain.
> (Lines 97-102)

> How kindly will thy gentle HEART
> Kisse the sweetly-killing DART!
> And close in his embraces keep
> Those delicious wounds, that weep
> Balsom to heal themselves with. Thus
> When These thy Deaths, so numerous,
> Shall all at last dy into one,
> And melt thy Soul's sweet mansion ...[14]
> (Lines 105-112)

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[12] Teresa, *Vida*, in *Obras*, ed. P. Silverio de Santa Teresa (Burgos, 1915-19), I, 149.

[13] *Ibid.*

[14] The last two words are a complimentary pun on Teresa's *Moradas* (Mansions).

To follow Beaumont's Psyche through the course of multiple healing wounds and living deaths is to descend pell mell into bathos. The single dart has become "Innumerable Shafts" that feed on each other's warmth and exude a pain more "delicate" than "softest flax" but more penetrating than "boistrous" steel. By some rule of celestial retaliation which would certainly have caused Teresa a most unsubtle pain, the shafts inflict many "sweet deaths" among the misnamed "Cherubim."

To Teresa's "sweet wounds" and "dying life," John of the Cross added the "healing burn." In "The Living Flame of Love" he exclaims:

> O burn that searest never!
> O wound of deep delight!
> O gentle hand! O touch of love supernal
> That quick'nest life forever,
> Putt'st all my woes to flight
> And, slaying, changest death to life eternal!
> (Lines 7-12)

And in the exegesis of that poem he explains the cauterizing aspect of the "delicious wound" which burns "all it can burn that it may supply all the delight it can give."[15] John Donne, in the fifth "Holy Sonnet," prescribes this cauterization for his omnipresent sin:

> But oh it must be burnt! alas the fire
> Of lust and envie have burnt it heretofore,
> And made it fouler; Let their flames retire
> And burne me O Lord, with a fiery zeale
> Of thee and thy house, which doth in eating heale.
> (Lines 10-14)

Another commonplace oxymoron was the blending of fire and water. In Spanish mystical literature the water was usually tears and the fire that which Christ kindled in the heart. This oxymoron became inevitably and inextricably bound up in the Mary Magdalen literature of tears. Teresa, who found great inspiration in Mary Magdalen's tears, expresses the relationship between tears and fire with casual clarity:

> If the water which falls on our fire comes from heaven, it will not extinguish it; it will rather quicken it. The fire and water are not opposites, but come from the same land. Do not be afraid that one element will destroy the other; on the contrary, each helps the other achieve its effect. The water of true tears—tears which

[15] *Living Flame of Love*, in *Complete Works*, ed. E. Allison Peers (London, 1935), III, 144.

are shed in real prayer—is a gift of the King of Heaven and this water makes the fire burn with a stronger and lasting flame. The fire, in turn, helps the water in its cooling. O my God! how beautiful, how wonderful it is, that fire should cool.[16]

In one of Crashaw's Latin epigrams, "Coepit Lacrymis Rigare Pedes Ejus, & Capillis Extergebat," Magdalen cleanses Christ's feet with her tears and dries them with the flame of her hair. The water is cleansed by the dirt; the flame is strengthened by the tears. In "The Weeper" Crashaw asks whether Magdalen is a "flaming fountain" or a "weeping fire." Beaumont's Psyche, as well, is a virtuoso in the art of watering the flame in her heart.

In combining water and fire, Henry Vaughan displays great ingenuity. In "Midnight" the heavens are a "firie-liquid light." "The Lampe" weeps as it burns; the tears, stored up in the socket, provide and everlasting supply of fire. In "Vain Wits" he blends fire and water with another favored oxymoron, that of "blind sight":

> Vain Wits and Eyes
> Leave, and be wise:
> Abuse not, shun not holy fire,
> But with true tears wash off your mire,
> Tears and these flames will soon grow kinde,
> And mix an eye-salve for the blinde.[17]
> Tears cleanse and supple without fail,
> And fire will purge your callous veyl.
> Then comes the light! Which when you spy
> And see your nakedness thereby,
> Praise him, who dealt his gifts so free
> In tears to you, in fire to me.
> (Lines 1-12)

The "blind sight" oxymoron is related to a host of bewildering light-and-dark paradoxes discernible in Plato, Dionysius the Areopagite, the author of *The Cloud of Unknowing*, John of the Cross, Luis de León, Donne, Crashaw, and Vaughan. The central ideas of this paradox are that God's light is so dazzling as to cause blindness and that therefore the questing soul seeks to darken its own light in order to obtain obfuscation by the sun.[18] The result is Teresa's "infused darkness," John of the Cross's "ray of darkness," and Vaughan's "deep but dazzling darkness."

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[16] *Camino de perfección*, in *Obras*, III, 102.

[17] Cf. Crashaw's belief that Teresa's wound, administered by the flaming dart, weeps balsam ("Sancta Maria," lines 108-110).

[18] In Luis de León's writings and in Crashaw's "Hymn to the Holy Nativity" there are puns on *sun* and contrasts between cold purity of snow and the fiery brightness of the Infant—a kind of variation on the fire-water oxymoron.

The paradox may be rendered less shocking if it is associated with a real sensory experience, such as Paul's. Donne writes: "Saul was struck blinde, but it was blindnesse contracted from the light; . . . not darkness, but a greater light, must make us blinde."[19] Donne's observation appears compactly in Crashaw's epigram:

> That Paul was blind, I will not say:
> Sure Paul was *captus lumine.*

The real impact of the oxymoron, however, appears when its complete spiritual implications are realized. Donne observes that the "soule may be tired, as well as the body, and the understanding dazzled, as well as the eye."[20] In "The Litanie" Donne shares with John of the Cross a belief that faith is the "Dark Night of the Understanding":

> Let not my minde be blinder by more light
> Nor faith, by Reason added, lose her sight.
> (Lines 62-63)

In a few passages of his poetry Richard Crashaw brilliantly expounds the light-and-dark paradox. "In the Glorious Epiphany," an oxymoron-laden poem addressed to the "bright Babe," he explains

> The deep hypocrisy of DEATH & NIGHT
> More desperately dark, Because more bright.
> (Lines 58-59)

This is a "darkness made of too much day." As a result:

> . . . natur's wrongs rejoyce to doe thee Right
> The forfeiture of noon to night shall pay
> All the idolatrous thefts done by this night of day . . .
> (Lines 148-150)

Disciples of the philosophy of the "new night" shall learn that the "shutting of his eye shall open Theirs." Accordingly, the Babe's "new prodigous night" becomes, to His followers, "Their new and admirable light." A subsequent passage very clearly reflects John of the Cross' ***via negativa,*** or darkening of the soul's light in order to travel by divine light toward the ray of darkness:

> Thus shall that reuerend child of light,
> By being scholler first of that new night,
> Come forth Great master of the mystick day;
> And teach obscure Mankind a more close way

[19] *Complete Poetry and Selected Prose,* p. 627. Cf. Luis de León, *The Names of Christ,* trans. by a Benedictine of Stanbrook (New York, 1926), p. 124.
[20] *Complete Poetry and Selected Prose,* p. 593.

> By the frugall negatiue light
> Of a most wise and well-abused Night
> To read more legible thing originall Ray...
> (Lines 206-212)

The result is "borrowing day and lending night." Crashaw also follows John of the Cross's belief that the soul which believes itself is really dark, and vice versa. In stating this tenet, he adds for good measure the ladder paradox of John of the Cross and Diego de Estella, namely that what goes down (the eyelids) really goes up (the eagle):

> Now by abased liddes shall learn to be
> Eagles; and shutt our eyes that we may see.
> (Lines 322-23)

Joseph Beaumont, a "scholler" of John of the Cross's "new night" who taught Crashaw and others the "frugall negatiue way," "borrowed day and lent night" at a usurer's rate. Before she denies "Vision Too visible" and apprehends that darkness which is made up of "Endless bright Excess" (XXIV, 171), Beaumont's Psyche undergoes many dark nights blending into false dawns. The earlier stages of uncertainty which Psyche bemoaned are paralleled in some more restrained passages of Henry Vaughan's poetry. Vaughan has discovered that he can

> ...by this worlds ill-guiding light,
> Erre more then I can do by night.
> ("Night," lines 47-48)

In "Night" he expresses, not certainty, but a wistful desire to believe in and experience that beautiful self-contradiction of day merged into night and beckoning toward blind vision:

> There is in God (some say)
> A deep, but dazzling darkness; As men here
> Say it is late and dusky, because they
> See not all clear;
> O for that night; where I in him
> Might live invisible and dim.
> (Lines 49-54)

Awaiting consideration are many other oxymora, such as "free slave," "chaste ravished," "restless ease," "cordial and corrosive," "wrongs that right," "scholar-teacher," "happy mistake," and such ladder motifs as lose-self-to-find-self and descend-to-soar. All of them were logical developments from the Spanish mystics' beliefs about body and soul, sanctioned by Thomistic doctrine and reinforced by a national inclination to blend eroticism with spiritual fervor. Some of these oxymora

were directly transplanted, others hybridized after arriving by ingenious methods of seed dispersal into the English soul-garden. Accordingly, the "scholar-teacher" of today, even if unimpeded by "blind vision," must trust to "not-knowing-what-he-knows" and enflame his academic heart with tears of chagrin before he retreats afar into the dull, glittering field of kindly disposed opposites.

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# Vaughan's *The World*: The Pattern of Meaning And the Tradition

VAUGHAN'S *The World* ends with an epigraph from I John 2:16-17 which appears to say little about the work which it is supposed to illuminate: "All that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, the lust of the Eys, and the pride of life, is not of the father but is of the world. And the world passeth away, and the lusts thereof, but he that doth the will of God abideth for ever."[1]

Though the poem begins and ends with its brilliant perceptions of the sweep of eternity, its middle section seems to bog down in a random listing of sinners which is founded on no philosophic or literary principle. One does not know what the lover, the statesman, the miser, and the group of epicures and prodigals have in common, aside from sin; and one is not quite sure why one should think of just these sinners when one is viewing eternity. It is as if the poet, having lost his visionary powers, could only turn to the leaden talents of the versifier and the preacher.

If the poem is to be worth its reputation, it must have more to it than a half-dozen fine lines; it must be all of a piece, including the epigraph and the middle section. Even at first sight, the epigraph does appear to have some bearing on the poem, for both, in a sense, speak of two worlds: the epigraph mentions the perishing temporal world and the eternal world where the faithful abide forever; the poem gives us these in the form of the world of darkness and the

[1] *The Works of Henry Vaughan*, ed. L. C. Martin (Oxford, 1957), p. 467. All citations and references from this edition. This paper is indebted to Mr. Ross Garner; see his *Henry Vaughan: Experience and the Tradition* (Chicago, 1959).

world of "pure and endless light." Both speak of two loves appropriate to these two worlds. In the Bible, the verses quoted in Vaughan's epigraph are preceded by an injunction to the early church, warning it to shun the love of the world and seek the love of the Father;[2] the epigraph is then a kind of practical explanation that the love of the world consists in the "lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life" and that the love of the Father is exhibited in the doing of His will. Vaughan also speaks of an eternal and a temporal love under the images of the Bridegroom and the Bride, on the one hand, and of the pining lover and his associates in the art of temporal desire, on the other hand. Finally, both poem and Biblical passage set forth a set of triads: the scriptural passage the triad of misdirected lusts, the poem the triad of citizens who dwell in darkness. But such shadowy similitudes neither justify the epigraph nor elucidate the artistic ordering of the poem. In order to understand the real significance of both poem and epigraph, we must look to Renaissance scriptural tradition.

Whereas John chooses to use the language of direct theological statement to describe the "love of the Father," Vaughan chooses to embody the same love in a scriptural emblem—in the full-bodied drama of the Canticle's love of the Bridegroom for the Bride, a marriage which Vaughan, and the whole tradition of exegesis, saw as dramatizing the love which exists between God and the church or God and the individual soul.[3] If scriptural tradition provides the basis for the image of the Bride and the Bridegroom, it may also assist us in understanding the figures in the poem who embody the "love of the world": the mooning lover, the clutching statesman, and the miser and his associates. This triad is, as we have suggested, related to the triad of temporal desires listed in John's epistle, and in a pattern which would have been more evident to Renaissance audiences. Because John had asserted that "these three" are *all that is in the world*, a thousand-year-old exegetical tradition had sought in the passage an explanation of all of the basic drives which account for sin and encourage the love which moves away from God. Thus, the lust of the flesh came to refer to stimuli which come from the lower appetities, the lust of the eyes to temptations which come from society, and the pride of life to the suggestions of Satan and the cosmic powers of evil.

In mediaeval exegesis, the desires of the flesh, the eye, and the ego were identified with the temptations of luxury, avarice, and pride and

[2] Vaughan, *Works*, p. 311.

[3] See Vaughan, *Works*, pp. 410, 404-405, 451-452 for poems which use the Canticum allegory.

with the sins of the flesh, the world, and the devil.[4] These temptations were thought to subsume all other temptations; before these archetypal enemies, Adam was thought to have fallen in the Garden; over them, Christ triumphed in the Wilderness. As Protestant exegesis developed in the Renaissance, the interpretations of the passage became superficially more varied, but, beneath the changes, the force of tradition is still evident. A sampling of Renaissance commentaries on the passage reveals the following patterns of explanation:[5]

| St. John's Epistle | Comments: Tyndale | Luther |
|---|---|---|
| (1) Lust of the Flesh | (1) Lechery | (1) Sensual pleasure |
| (2) Lust of the Eye | (2) Covetousness | (2) Avarice |
| (3) Pride of Life | (3) Pride | (3) Ambition |

| Calvin | Britches Bible | Bishop Wilson |
|---|---|---|
| (1) Desires of the Flesh | (1) Pleasure | (1) Sensuality |
| (2) Pomp and Vain Bravery | (2) Wantonness | (2) Covetousness |
| (3) Arrogance or Pride | (3) Ambition and Pride | (3) Pride |

The relationship of the triad to Christ's temptation and Adam's fall is sometimes ignored and sometimes shifted in Protestant exegesis, but even here the changes are more a matter of vocabulary than of basic philosophy. (The traditions of mediaeval exegesis did not die altogether in 1517, nor, indeed, in 1535.) Tyndale's commentary gives us a fairly clear definition of the central tradition insofar as it is relevant to Vaughan. Tyndale writes:

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[4] See Venerable Bede, "In Epistolam S. Joannis," *PL*, XCIII, 92-93 (also *Glossa Ordinaria* comment); St. Peter Damian, *PL*, CXLV, 903-904; St. Martin of Laon, *PL*, CCIX, 262-263; Pseudo-Innocent III, *PL*, CCXVII, 979; Pietro Alighieri, *Comentarium super Dantis Comoediam*, ed. Vernon (Florence, 1887), pp. 36-37; for variant versions, see Bede, *PL*, XCII, 370 (*Glossa* comment); St. Gregory, *PL*, LXXVI, 1135-1136; Bede, *PL*, XCII, 20; "Glossa Ordinaria," *PL*, CXIV, 85-86; Peter Cantor, *PL*, CCV, 72-73; Peter Lombard, *PL*, CXCII, 695-696. For the world, the flesh, and the devil, see Ludolphus of Saxony, *Vita Jesu Christi*, ed. L. M. Rigollot (Paris, 1870), I, 224-242; *Gesta Romanorum*, ed. Hermann Oesterly (Berlin, 1872), p. 331; Paul Meyer, *"Le Roman des Trois Ennemis de l'Homme," Romania*, XVI (1887), 4, 11-13.

[5] William Tyndale, *Expositions and Notes*, ed. Henry Walter (Cambridge, 1849), p. 177; *Luther's Works*, ed. Jaroslav Pelikan (St. Louis, 1948), XIV, 337; *The Commentaries of M. Jhon Caluin vpon the first Epistle of Sainct Jhon* (London, 1580), sig. E5-E5$^{v}$; *The Breeches Bible* (n. p., 1578), sig. Ss2; Thomas Wilson, *Works* (Oxford, 1859), VI, 689-690. For the pattern in the temptations of Christ and Adam, see Lancelot Andrews, *Sermons* (Oxford, 1843), V, 496; Roger Hutchinson, *The Works*, ed. John Bruce (Cambridge, 1842), p. 152; see Vaughan's other poem entitled "The World" for a further association of riches, pleasure, and honor (*Works*, p. 670); and for a mention of the world, the devil, and "my own inclinations," see his "Solitary Devotions" (*Works*, p. 146).

> By the lust of the flesh is undersood lechery, which maketh a man altogether a swine; and by the lust of the eyes is understood covetousness, which is the root of all evil, and maketh to err from the faith. And then followeth pride: which three are the world, and captains over all other vices, and occasions of all mischief.[6]

Here is the basic order which undergirds the central section of Vaughan's poem. The "doting Lover" caught in the "snares of pleasure," with his "quaint music" and pensive sentimentality, is perhaps better captured by Luther's sensual pleasure than by Tyndale's lechery; but the statesman, pursued by clouds of witnesses, working above and below ground, both tyrant and demagogue, is certainly Pride or Ambition; and the miser and his associates, the epicures and prodigals (who also regard temporalia as the ultimately important) are Avarice and the other sins which spring from the lust of the eyes. The passage is thus not based on any random desire to sermonize, but on a rationally ordered theological tradition; the technique and artistic tradition of the poem remain to be investigated.

It is not accidental that in the first and last lines of the poem, Vaughan sounds a little like Dante, that in the middle section he sounds like Ben Jonson; for in both sections he is choosing modes of expression which are appropriate to the worlds they express. For the spikenard and saffron marriage of the Canticle, Vaughan creates a ring which is perhaps his most exquisite image:

> I saw eternity the other night
> Like a great *Ring* of pure and endless light . . .
> *This Ring the Bridegroom did for none provide*
> *But for his Bride.*
>
> (Lines 1-2, 59-60.)

The image of the ring of eternity as a wedding ring, like the imagery of the Canticle itself, is sublimely indifferent to decorum at the literal level and perfectly appropriate allegorically—visually impossible and connotatively exact. When Vaughan speaks of the supersensuous world, his symbols, the Bride and the Bridegroom, are necessarily analogous to what they embody; when he speaks of the immediate, sensuous world, his symbols *are* what they mean. Analogy is no longer needed. The important thing about all three symbols of worldly love—lecher, statesman, and miser—is that they only desire; they do not fulfill: the lover has no beloved, the statesman no honor beyond mob honor, and the miser no possessions which he can really possess. Theirs is a love which, by the temporal nature of its ends and the cumulative nature of its desire, cannot but remain unfulfilled. In contrast to these

[6] Tyndale, *Expositions and Notes*, p. 177.

images of weariness and mere complexity stands the single unitive image which figures "the love of the Father"—the image of the Bride and her Bridegroom.

The last stanza synthesizes the two worlds and their two sets of images by calling attention to those who weep and sing and those who only grope. Those who weep and sing and who are drawn into the world of light, one may suggest, weep because they regard the seen world as a world which passes, and yet they sing because they see that world as also a shadow, a sacramental emblem of the world of light into which they are drawn. Those who grope live in a kind of Platonic cave where the temporal is the ultimately real. The psychology of the last stanza is very subtle; for, while the poet attempts to coerce the prisoners in the cave into turning toward the light, the voice reminds him that the regeneration of man's love is not finally a coercive matter but a matter depending on God's initiation and God's grace:

> But as I did their madnes so discusse
> One whisper'd thus,
> *This Ring the Bridegroom did for none provide*
> *But for his Bride.*
>
> (Lines 57-60)

The concept of grace dramatized here is a personalist concept, neither predestinarian nor mechanical.

Vaughan is here, I think, writing near the end of a tradition so far as poetry worthy of the name is concerned. For five centuries, poets had found in the triad of I John 2:16 an important pattern for the aesthetic ordering of the subject matter of poems or parts of poems. In the early thirteenth century, we have *Le Roman des Trois Ennemis* with its picture of the Devil, the World, and the Flesh bringing man to indulge his pride, his passion for riches and power, and his love of luxury.[7] Dante's fourteenth-century commentators saw in the beasts which the poet meets in the wilderness of the dark wood the same three temptations, the temptations which Satan offered to Christ in a similar wilderness—the leopard was seen as luxury, the lion as pride, and the wolf as avarice.[8] In his "lost" and timorous condition, Dante needs the ministering angels, Virgil, and Beatrice indirectly, to escape the power

[7] Meyer, *"Le Roman des Trois Ennemis,"* pp. 1-24.

[8] Jacopo Alighieri, *Chiose alla cantica dell'Inferno de Dante Allighieri*, ed. Lord Vernon (Florence, 1848), pp. 5-6; *Commento di Francesco da Buti*, ed. Crescentino Giannini (Pisa, 1858), I, 33-35; Giovanni Boccaccio, *Il comento alla Divina Comedia*, ed. Domenico Guerri (Bari, 1918), I, 177-186; *Il codice cassinese della Divina Commedia* (Monte Cassino, 1865), p. 6; Benvenuto da Imola, *Comentum super Dantis Aldigherij Comoediam*, ed. J. P. Lacaita (Florence, 1887), I, 36-37 ff.; Pietro Alighieri, *Commentarium super Dantis Comoediam*, pp. 32-34.

of these three and to rise among those who weep and sing. Chaucer's Melibee is dispossessed by the same three enemies;[9] and, somewhat earlier in the fourteenth century, these three enter the enormously popular *Gesta Romanorum* variously as three kings, three men, three attackers, three soldiers, a river, a lion, a wolf, etc.[10]

In Dunbar's *Twa Mariit Wemen and a Wedo*, the same temptations appear in a fabliau guise as the husbands of three wives who meet in the ancient garden to discuss their love problems; one wife is married to a whoremaster whose talent is for fleshliness, the second is married to a jealous and rich old dolt whose virtues lie in the possessive vices, and the third, the widow, is "married" only to herself, and she expresses her self-love, her "pride of life," by pluming herself like a peacock and surrounding herself with a hosts of gallants as admirers.[11]

One wonders if the same triad does not undergird the central episodes of Spenser's second book; Acrasia certainly suggests the temptations of concupiscence of the flesh, Mammon, his cave, and its surroundings seem to present multifoliate stimuli to the lust of the eyes, and Maleger (bringer of evil?), as the leader of the vices, would be an apt representative of the pride of life.[12] Giles Fletcher gives us the emblems of the triad in a Bacchanalian orgy, a miser's storeroom, and the court of Ambition.[13] Vaughan, I suspect, is at or near the end of the tradition, and in him the temptations are embodied simply and economically.

[9] Chaucer, *Works*, ed. F. N. Robinson (Cambridge, Mass., 1957), I, 178.

[10] *Gesta Romanorum*, pp. 322, 331, 344, 371, 380, 392, 424, 443, 451, 463, 482, 486, 591, 632, 636-637, 670-671, 685.

[11] William Dunbar, *Poems*, ed. John Small (Edinburgh, 1893), II, 30-47. The jealousy of the rich Senex is probably a symbol for avarice as is also his old age. See *Confessio Amantis*, V, 595-610; Paul Olson, "*Le Roman de Flamenca*: History and Literary Convention," *SP*, LV (1958), 11 and note 14; George R. Coffman, "Old Age from Horace to Chaucer: Some Literary Affinities and Adventures of an Idea," *Speculum*, IX (1934), 249-277. The tradition begins in the high Middle Ages, but traces of it are to be found in Spenser's Malbecco, Shakespeare's Iago, and Jonson's jealous husbands. The "wedo's" pride is also dramatized in her concern for class distinctions, fancy clothes, displaying herself on pilgrimages, etc. Dunbar's *demande* at the end of the poem (lines 527-530) is not the artistic anticlimax which Mackenzie makes it (Dunbar, *Poems*, London, 1951, p. xxxii). The question concerning which of the three wives the reader has married makes it evident that these are emblematic wives; their "husbands" are all those who follow the dictates of luxury, avarice, or pride. The iconological pattern requires the *demande*.

[12] "Maleger" may be constructed on the analogy of "armiger" (bearer of arms). Arthur's susceptibility to pride may be indicated by his love for *Prays-desire* (II, ix, 37-39), a lady to whom he is attracted just before his battle with Maleger. Spenser, *Works, Book Two*, ed. Greenlaw et al. (Baltimore, 1933), pp. 410-412, 433.

[13] Giles Fletcher, "Christs Victorie on Earth," *The Poetical Works of Giles and Phineas Fletcher*, ed. F. S. Boas (Cambridge, 1908), I, 52-54.

Dunbar and Fletcher are sophisticates; Vaughan gives us the thing itself.

This analysis is intended as a kind of sample exploration of the relationship between tradition and the individual talent in the emblematic poetry of the Renaissance. Properly to understand that poetry one must see it as traditional—traditional in its theological patterns and perhaps even in the emblems which it chooses to embody those patterns. But to say that poets who use devices such as the triad of temptations are traditional is but to say half. For the poetry comes with the seeing of the theological pattern in experience and the experiencing of theology as immediate and personal. Dunbar's whoremaster and Fletcher's Bacchanalia and Vaughan's lover are all emblems of the "lust of the flesh"; but, precisely because the lust is seen in each case in terms of a different emblem and a different pattern of experience, it is at once the same lust and a different one, different because in the first case it is simply bawdy, in the second pagan, and in the third romantic, and yet the same because governed by the same appetites and part of the same grouping of temptations. Properly the explanation of meaning in Renaissance emblematic poetry must explore neither the surface nor the depths exclusively, neither the pattern nor the varying symbols of that pattern, but the interaction between these two where the poem's meaning is at once ancient and new, simple and complex.

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# D. H. Lawrence And Thomas Mann

D. H. LAWRENCE and Thomas Mann occupy similar positions in English and German literature. They are either considered to be the greatest of contemporary authors, or at least ranked among the most important. It is difficult to conceive of a greater contrast—Mann with his complete control and his intellectual speculations, Lawrence with his natural genius and his prophetic intuitions. It is, therefore, interesting that Lawrence was among the first—if not the first—Englishman to point out the qualities of Thomas Mann. In the July 1913 edition of the London *Blue Review* Lawrence published an article entitled "German Books: Thomas Mann" devoted exclusively to the works of Mann. According to Claus W. Jonas' bibliography (*Fifty Years of Thomas Mann Studies,* Minneapolis, 1955), only two articles concerned with Mann had appeared earlier in English, and both were written by Germans.

Levin L. Schücking's essay, "Notes on Present-day German Literature," in the *English Review* for April 1909 deals mainly with the works of Ricarda Huch, Hofmannsthal, and Hermann Sudermann. Lawrence certainly read Schücking's article; Jessie Chambers, Lawrence's girl friend, reports in her book, *D. H. Lawrence, A Personal Record* (London, 1935), that they were at that time subscribing to the *English Review.* But Schücking's essay had no influence on Lawrence except, perhaps, for a brief reference to *Buddenbrooks;* for it is very unlikely that Lawrence had read that book. Schücking says that the novel is the description of "the gradual decadence of a great Lübeck trading firm in three generations." Lawrence calls it "a novel of the patrician life of Lübeck."

The second essay in English about Mann before Lawrence's is a study in Otto Eduard Lessing's *Masters in Modern German Literature* (Dresden, 1912) which seems to have been published in the United States also; Lessing was professor of German at the University of Illinois. Lawrence probably never saw this book. Lessing gives the date of Mann's birth correctly (1875), while Lawrence advances it to 1860, identifying the date with the year of Aschenbach's birth in *Der Tod in Venedig.* Lessing discusses *Königliche Hoheit* at length—a novel, he claims, which surpasses even *Buddenbrooks*—Lawrence dismisses it as an "unreal Court-romance."

Lawrence studied French and German in high school and at the University of Nottingham. Ford Madox Ford reports in *Return to Yesterday* that Lawrence read Nietzsche, Marx, and Wagner extensively. In April 1912, then twenty-seven years old, he visited Professor Ernest Weekley at Nottingham, who had once been a lecturer at the University of Freiburg (Breisgau). Lawrence wanted to inquire about a possible lectureship at a German university. The consequence of the visit was that Lawrence eloped with Frieda Weekley to the continent. Frieda, a native German, was to become his wife. They spent some time near Munich; Lawrence always studied the literature of the country where he happened to be, and it is very probable that there he read some works by Jakob Wassermann and Thomas and Heinrich Mann, whom he mentions in his essay as representative of modern German literature. He acquired fluency in reading and understanding German; he had difficulties in writing the language, however, which he never overcame, as his letters to his mother-in-law and to Max Mohr demonstrate.[1]

Lawrence spent the winter of 1912-13 on the shore of Lake Garda. Through his friend Edward Garnett he had established contact with Katherine Mansfield, to whom he wrote in January 1913. She was editing at the time, with John Middleton Murry, the magazine *Rhythm.* Lawrence arrived in London at the end of June 1913 and immediately visited Murry and Katherine Mansfield. Meanwhile *Rhythm* had ceased publication because of financial difficulties. For three months, however, from May to July 1913, Murry continued the periodical at his own risk, under the name of *Blue Review.* It cannot be ascertained whether Katherine Mansfield or Murry prompted Lawrence to write the essay on Thomas Mann; it seems probable, however, that he wrote it in Munich in the fall of 1912, rather than in Italy, as in Italy he was busy revising *Sons and Lovers,* and writing the first part of *The Lost Girl*

[1] "Letters to Max Mohr," *T'ien HSIA Monthly,* Aug.-Sept. 1935; Frieda Lawrence, *Nur der Wind* (Berlin, 1936). Some of the German letters to Lawrence's mother-in-law also appeared in *Neue Rundschau,* Dec. 1934.

and the first draft of *The Rainbow*. At any rate, he had the article with him in June 1913 and handed it to Murry for publication in the last issue of the *Blue Review*. It was later reprinted in Edward McDonald's *Phoenix* (1936) and in Anthony Beal, ed., *D. H. Lawrence: Selected Literary Criticism* (London, 1955).

In his essay, Lawrence states that the modern German novel is clearly developing toward an increasingly rigid structure and form. Writers like Thomas and Heinrich Mann endeavor to master their subject matter to the last detail. The time of the unhampered narrative has passed; everything is being mathematically constructed and weighed. Since Lawrence was a story teller of a different sort—sometimes he wrote three versions of a novel within a short period and published the last one, without even glancing at the previous drafts—he condemns this method, which does not do justice to the artistic conscience. This Flaubertian "craving for form" is the result of a wrong "attitude of life." And Lawrence asks: "... can the human mind fix absolutely the definite line of a book, any more than it can fix absolutely any definite line of action for a living being?"

Although Lawrence mentions *Buddenbrooks* and *Königliche Hoheit*, he seems to have read only *Der Tod in Venedig, Tonio Kröger*, and *Tristan*. He claims that both Tonio and Aschenbach are autobiographical images of Thomas Mann. He quotes the key passages in *Tonio Kröger* in English: "Literature is not a calling, it is a curse" (Die Literatur ist überhaupt kein Beruf, sondern ein Fluch). Another quotation is Lawrence's own invention; he quotes Tonio as saying to the Danish painter: "There is no artist anywhere but longs again, my love, for the common life." The closest passage in the original would be this:

> ...das Normale, Wohlanständige und Liebenswürdige ist das Reich unserer Sehnsucht, ist das Leben in seiner verführerischen Banalität! Der ist noch lange kein Künstler, meine Liebe, dessen letzte und tiefste Schwärmerei das Raffinierte, Exzentrische und Satanische ist, der die Sehnsucht nicht kennt nach dem Harmlosen, Einfachen und Lebendigen, nach ein wenig Freundschaft, Hingebung, Vertraulichkeit and menschlichem Glück,—die verstohlene und zehrende Sehnsucht, Lisaweta, nach den Wonnen der Gewöhnlichkeit . . .![2]

From Tonio's convictions, Lawrence deduces the character of Thomas Mann:

> But the condition is the same, only more tragic, in the Thomas Mann of fifty-three [*sic*]. He has never found any outlet for himself, save his art. He has never

[2] Lawrence quoted from *Phoenix* (London, 1936), pp. 308-313; Mann from *Gesammelte Werke*, IX (Berlin, 1956), 229-235, 462-465.

given himself to anything but his art. This is all well and good, if his art absorbs and satisfies him, as it has done some great men, like Corot. But then there are the other artists, the more human, like Shakespeare and Goethe [and Lawrence], who must give themselves to life as well as to art. And if these were afraid, or despised life, then, with their surplus they would ferment and become rotten. Which is what ails Thomas Mann. He is physically ailing, no doubt. But his complaint is deeper; it is of the soul.

Mann's art resembles that of Flaubert who, with his extravagant finesses, by-passed pulsating life. This, too, is the illness of Aschenbach in *Der Tod in Venedig*. He is a weakling, capable of producing only with his analytical will, not naturally, from the inside. Aschenbach's works, like those of Thomas Mann, are the toil of a careful craftsman, not the work of a natural genius, such as Goethe, Shakespeare (or Lawrence). To illustrate this Lawrence quotes the following passage: "When he fell [ill], at the age of fifty-three, one of his closest observers said of him: 'Aschenbach has always lived like this'—and he gripped his fist hard clenched, 'never like this'—and he let his open hand lie easily on the arm of the chair." This almost accurate translation reads in the original:

Als er [Aschenbach] um sein fünfunddreissigstes Jahr in Wien erkrankte, äußerte ein feiner Beobachter über ihn in Gesellschaft: "Sehen sie, Aschenbach hat von jeher nur so gelebt"—and der Sprecher schloß die Finger seiner Linken fest zur Faust; "niemals so"—and er ließ die geöffnete Hand bequem von der Lehne des Sessels hängen.

Another quotation is intended to show that Mann used the Flaubertian technique of scrupulously controlling the turn of every sentence and the meaning of every word: "It was pardonable, yea, it showed plainly the victory of his morality, that the uninitiated reader supposed the book to have come of a solid strength and one long breath; whereas it was the result of small daily efforts and hundreds of single inspirations." The original is quite different:

Es war verzeihlich, ja, es bedeutete recht eigentlich den Sieg seiner Moralität, wenn Unkundige die Maja-Welt oder die epischen Massen, in denen sich Friedrichs Heldenleben entrollte, für das Erzeugnis gedrungener Kraft und eines langen Atems hielten, während sie vielmehr in kleinen Tagewerken aus aberhundert Einzelinspirationen zur Größe emporgeschichtet und nur darum so durchaus und an jedem Punkte vortrefflich waren, weil ihr Schöpfer mit einer Willensdauer und Zähigkeit, derjenigen ähnlich, die seine Heimatprovinz eroberte, jahrelang unter der Spannung eines und desselben Werkes ausgehalten und an die eigentliche Herstellung ausschließlich seine stärksten und würdigsten Stunden gewandt hatte.

From the translation it cannot be concluded that Lawrence did not understand the long sentence; he simply did not trouble about philolog-

ical details (as in the essays on classic American literature); he was content to give the meaning. A longer quotation from *Der Tod in Venedig*, giving the nucleus of the tale, is an almost exact translation of the original:

For endurance of one's fate, grace in suffering, does not only mean passivity, but is an active work, a positive triumph, and the Sebastian figure is the most beautiful symbol, if not of all art, yet of the art in question. If one looked into this portrayed world and saw the elegant self-control that hides from the eyes of the world to the last moment the inner undermining, the biological decay; saw the yellow ugliness which, sensuously at a disadvantage, could blow its choking heat of desire to a pure flame, and even rise to sovereignty in the kingdom of beauty; saw the pale impotence which draws out of the glowing depths of its intellect sufficient strength to subdue a whole vigorous people: bring them to the foot of the Cross, to the feet of impotence; saw the amiable bearing in the empty and severe service of Form; saw the quickly enervating longing and art of the born swindler; if one saw such a fate as this, and all the rest it implied, then one would be forced to doubt whether there was in reality any other heroism than that of weakness. Which heroism, in any case, is more of our time than this?

The German text is:

Denn Haltung im Schicksal, Anmut in der Qual bedeutet nicht nur ein Dulden; sie ist eine aktive Leistung, ein positiver Triumph, and die Sebastian-Gestalt ist das schönste Sinnbild, wenn nicht der Kunst überhaupt, so gewiß der in Rede stehenden Kunst. Blickte man hinein in diese erzählte Welt, sah man: die elegante Selbstbeherrschung, die bis zum lezten Augenblick eine innere Unterhöhlung, den biologischen Verfall vor den Augen verbirgt; die gelbe, sinnlich benachteiligte Häßlichkeit, die es vermag, ihre schwelende Brunst zur reinen Flamme zu entfachen, ja, sich zur Herrschaft im Reiche der Schönheit aufzuschwingen; die bleiche Ohnmacht, welche aus den glühenden Tiefen des Geistes die Kraft holt, ein ganzes übermütiges Volk su Füßen des Kreuzes, zu ihren Füßen niederzuwerfen; die liebenswürdige Haltung im leeren und strengen Dienste der Form; das falsche, gefährliche Leben, die rasch entnervende Sehnsucht und Kunst des geborenen Betrügers: betrachtete man all dies Schicksal und wieviel Gleichartiges noch, so könnte man zweifeln, ob es überhaupt einen anderen Heroismus gäbe als denjenigen der Schwäche. Welches Heldentum aber jedenfalls wäre zeitgemäßer als dieses?

Having pointed out the autobiographical elements in the person of Aschenbach, Lawrence proceeds to an analysis of *Der Tod in Venedig*, which is the core of his essay. The appearance of the man at the cemetery is the leitmotiv of the story; he provoked Aschenbach to examine his conscience. The rest of the story resembles a dance of death by Holbein. The story is pregnant with symbols of death and "biological decay." Different characters, from the drunkard on board ship to the singer in front of the hotel, keep reminding one again and again of the man at the cemetery. The boy symbolizes the artist, youth, and physical

health. It is typical for Mann to show that the boy's death might have consoled Aschenbach.

[The story] is absolutely, almost intentionally, unwholesome. The man is sick, body and soul. He portrays himself as he is, with wonderful skill and art, portrays his sickness. And since any genuine portrait is valuable, this book has its place. It portrays one man, one atmosphere, one sick vision. It claims to do no more. And we have to allow it. But we know it is unwholesome—it does not strike me as being morbid for all that, it is too well done—and we give it its place as such.

In his conclusion Lawrence returns again to Mann and his position in German literature: "Thomas Mann seems to me the last sick sufferer from the complaint of Flaubert." Flaubert hated life violently, while Thomas Mann expresses his aversion through an unnaturally fine aesthetic sensibility. Such a conception of life today appears banal.

I think we have learned our lesson, to be sufficiently aware of the fulsomeness of life. And even while he has a rhythm in style, yet his work has none of the rhythm of a living thing, the rise of a poppy, then the after uplift of the bud, the shedding of the calyx, and the spreading wide of the petals, the falling of the flower and the pride of the seed-head. There is an unexpectedness in this such as does not come from their carefully plotted and arranged developments. Even *Madame Bovary* seems to me dead in respect to the living rhythm of the whole work. While it is there in *Macbeth* like life itself.

Lawrence concludes: "But Thomas Mann is old—and we are young. Germany does not feel very young to me."

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BEATRICE CORRIGAN

# Antonio Fogazzaro And Wilkie Collins

THE INFLUENCE of French literature in Italy during the nineteenth century was so pervasive and so widely acknowledged that, though Antonio Fogazzaro, one of the most important Italian novelists of his generation, made an eloquent appeal to his contemporaries to turn to England for their models rather than to France, his words seem to have gone almost unheeded. Critics have scarcely attempted to study in this novelist's own works the result of his affection for English authors.[1] Fogazzaro first expressed his affection publicly in 1872 in his "Discorso dell'avvenire del romanzo in Italia,"[2] which he delivered before the Accademia Olympica of Vicenza, in the course of which he deplored the "basse aberrazioni" of French realism, and spoke with warm admiration of the ability of Collins, Reade, and Mrs. Wood to charm their readers.

In 1881, Fogazzaro published his first novel, *Malombra,* and Enrico Penzacchi, reviewing the book in the *Fanfulla della Domenica,* suggested that Fogazzaro had been influenced by German novelists. In reply, Fogazzaro wrote a letter to Panzacchi from Valsolda in July 1881, protesting that he knew few German writers and adding, "Sono invece gl'inglesi (Collins, la Braddon e altri) che mi hanno incoraggiato a seguire audacemente la inclinazione mia, il Dickens sopra tutti."[3]

Though Fogazzaro himself thus specifically acknowledged the influence of Collins, the extent of the influence has apparently never been investigated, and critics have contented themselves with repeating

[1] Part of this article was read as a paper at the Foreign Language Conference in Lexington, Kentucky, in 1959.

[2] *Tutte le opere di Antonio Fogazzaro,* ed. Piero Nardi (Milan, 1931-45), XV, 343-360. All subsequent references to Fogazzaro's works are to this edition.

[3] XII, 167.

Faguet's discovery, published in 1911 in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, of the striking similarity between the opening scenes of *Malombra* and those of Cherbuliez's *Le Comte Kostia*. This similarity, however, is confined almost entirely to the situation of the young scholar journeying to a strange castle to aid an old count in the preparation of a book. Cherbuliez's novel has a foreign setting and characters (the old count and his household are Russians living in Germany) and for the first three hundred pages the hero believes that the heroine is a young man. It seems evident that Fogazzaro's sources for the major part of his novel must be looked for elsewhere; and I should like to suggest that, though his debt to Dickens was general and vague, his debt to Collins and in a much lesser degree to the latter's imitator, Miss Braddon, was specific.

Wilkie Collins, twelve years younger than Charles Dickens, whose friend and disciple he became, developed a new type of novel just before 1860. This was the novel of suspense, in which the solid background of Victorian life became the scene of a skillfully developed mystery, sometimes with at least a suggestion of the supernatural. Extremely popular in England, many of his novels were translated into Italian, and one of them, *Jezebel's Daughter*, was dedicated to his principal Italian translator, Alberto Caccia.

Varied though his novels are in plot and structure, Collins has several favorite motifs; Fogazzaro, I believe, borrowed at least two of them for *Malombra*, as well as the model for one of his principal characters. The character is that of the beautiful fascinating woman who is potentially or actually a criminal; and the situations are, first, a family quarrel resulting in a legacy of revenge handed on to a later generation, and second, a conception of destiny which was originally peculiar to Collins, as far as I know, and was shared by no other English or Italian writer of his era except Fogazzaro.

There is one novel by Collins in particular which contains some striking parallels to *Malombra*. *Armadale*, published in English in 1866, was translated into Italian in 1871, the year before Fogazzaro first suggested Collins as a model for Italian novelists. Its plot, a brief summary of which follows, contains the three elements I have mentioned: the dangerous seductive woman, the legacy of revenge, the ever-present sense of a threatening destiny.

Ozias Midwinter, ill and penniless, is befriended by Alan Armadale. Midwinter reads a letter which tells him that his father, its writer, had murdered the father of his benefactor, now revealed to be his cousin. The letter warns Midwinter that if he meets Alan he must shun him,

or a dreadful fate will overtake them both. Alan has a prophetic dream, which Midwinter persuades him to record. The scenes of the dream unfold in reality, and at one point Midwinter insists on leaving his friend, only to be brought back to his side by destiny. He marries Lydia Gwilt, a beautiful adventuress who has designs on Alan's life and fortune, but in the end, made wary by the predictions of evil, he becomes Alan's preserver. Lydia, having almost murdered her husband instead of Alan, commits suicide.

Perhaps the most important and lasting part of Fogazzaro's debt to Wilkie Collins is his preoccupation with the conception of destiny illustrated by the plot outlined above. In the Victorian novel before Collins, the idea of destiny is generally a conventional one, and most of his contemporaries, both in England and in Italy, might have adopted as their own the phrase of a character in *The Moonstone*: "Human life is a sort of target—misfortune is always firing at it, and always hitting the mark."[4] Both Dickens and George Eliot (both of whom Fogazzaro singles out for admiration) often portray a crime or a secret sin which is punished by its own inevitable consequences, as for instance in *Martin Chuzzlewit* and *Adam Bede*. But in Collins destiny assumes the shape of an exterior motive force, pulling the strings of human puppets who can vaguely discern the figure of the puppet master and the tragic end which he seems to have designed for their drama. This impelling force may be accepted or combatted, and, ineluctable as it originally appears, may be thwarted even at the last moment by a supreme effort of the will directed by some strong emotion such as love. Thus in *Armadale*, Midwinter, from the moment he reads his dead father's letter and learns of his dead father's crime, is convinced that he is fated to bring harm to his cousin Alan, whom destiny so strangely has made his friend and benefactor. He falls in love with Alan's most dangerous enemy, whom destiny has brought too from afar to play her part in the drama. He marries her, but even in his slavish devotion feels obscure distrust of her and uneasiness for his friend, and at the very moment when Alan seems fated to be murdered saves his life by changing rooms with the intended victim. Until the final event destiny has seemed clearly marked and inevitable; every scene of Alan's dream is re-enacted; all Midwinter's forebodings prove true. But love and devotion foil destiny itself.

In *Malombra* both the hero and the heroine, Corrado Silla and Marina Crusnelli di Malombra, are obsessed with a consciousness of destiny.

[4] First Period, Ch. XV. Since there is no modern edition of Collins' complete works, only chapter references are given.

Silla has written a novel called *Un sogno*, whose protagonist, like Alan, has a dream which reveals his future. Events bear out the first part, which predicted a fatal passion. Fifteen years later he meets a woman who seems to embody his fate; but on the very edge of disaster he reveals his secret, and she, indignant at the idea that she is yielding to destiny and not to love, insists that they must separate.

When Marina reads this novel (in which the conception of destiny is identical with that of Collins) she writes to the anonymous author posing the obvious problem. How can one reconcile, she asks, the idea of a fore-announced destiny which partially fulfills itself with the belief that destiny may be thwarted?

An answer to this question had first been implied by Collins in a sentence of the letter from Midwinter's father: "It may be that mortal free-will can conquer mortal fate; and that going, as we all do, inevitably to death we go inevitably to nothing that is before death."[5] And much later in *Armadale* an old clergyman, though admitting that "mortal creatures may be the object of supernatural intervention in their pilgrimage through this world," urges Midwinter to free himself "from the paralyzing fatalism of the heathen and savage, and to look at the mysteries that perplex and the portents that daunt him from the Christian's point of view." If he accepts the view that he is "a helpless instrument in the hand of Fate," "doomed, beyond all human capacity of resistance, to bring misery and destruction blindfold" on those he loves, with aspirations that avail nothing "against the hereditary compulsion towards evil, caused by a crime committed before he was born," his belief can end only "in the stubborn despair by which a man profanes his own soul, and lowers himself to the level of the brutes that perish." And he concludes: "The mystery of Evil that perplexes our feeble minds, the sorrow and the suffering that torture us in this little life, leave the one great truth unshaken that the destiny of man is in the hands of his Creator."[6]

This problem is of the highest importance both to Marina and to Silla. Marina is living with her old uncle, Count Cesare d'Ormengo,

[5] Prologue, Ch. III.

[6] Book III, Ch. XIV. That this conception is peculiar to Collins and was not shared by Miss Braddon is plain from "The Keynote" with which she prefaces *The Fatal Three*: "There are some men who fashion their lives with their own thoughts and their own actions, and who progress steadily towards a chosen goal. There are other men who tread the mazes of this world blindly, whose highest hopes and best endeavours seem to be the sport of Fate, and who move unconsciously and inevitably towards darkest doom. For these, virtue avails not, nor the love of truth and honour. They are born to fulfil a mysterious destiny; and from the cradle to the grave they are a pre-ordained sacrifice to the powers of evil."

and the circumstances of her first arrival at his castle are so similar to the opening situation in Collins' *Queen of Hearts* that the parallel can hardly be accidental. In both novels we see a frivolous girl, used to the gay life of a large city, coming to live with a reluctant old guardian in a gloomy castle, rejecting the rooms freshly decorated for her in favor of a grim long-abandoned apartment, and occupying her days with long country excursions in all weathers, accompanied only by a peasant boy—a diversion so natural for an English girl, so ecentric in a young Italian countess.

In a secret drawer of a desk, Marina chances on a letter from a long-dead ancestress, Cecilia, the first wife of Count Cesare's father, which predicts that the person who opens the letter will be a reincarnation of Cecilia, and will both avenge her wrongs and renew her illicit love. When Midwinter and Alan are trapped by fate in the scene of the ancient crime, Collins says: "like a noisome exhalation from the father's grave, the father's influence rose and poisoned the mind of the son."[7] So when Marina reads Cecilia's letter, the phantom of the dead seems to stand beside her, ready to enter her flesh, her blood, her bones, and to suck away her life and her soul. During the nervous illness which results from the haunted night, she conceives a violent hatred for Count Cesare, who, she is convinced, is her destined victim. When she recovers, she reads Silla's book, the subject of which leads her to write to him, using the name Cecilia as a pseudonym. In his reply he warns her of the danger of believing in the appearances of fatality, going farther than Collins' clergyman and attributing them to the action of "spiriti maligni," whose machinations, he assures her, may be countered by a vigorous act of the will on the part of their victim. This act of will is possible to every human soul, "da un punto di misterioso contatto con Dio ond'entra in lei una forza non calcolabile . . . Colà sta il gran guarentigio della libertà umana."[8]

Marina, however, whom the old German Steinegge compares to a "maligno diavolo che abbia il viso affettuoso,"[9] and whom Fogazzaro describes elsewhere as having "un cuor nero, una fantasia accesa, una intelligenza scossa ma non caduta,"[10] combats only for a moment the suggestions of evil that pour into her mind. None of the proofs of the mysterious reincarnation which the letter suggests will apply; yet she listens only to the voice which tells her that destiny brought her to that room untenanted for seventy years, and opened for her the

[7] Book I, Ch. IV.
[8] I, 142.
[9] I, 73.
[10] II, 650.

secret drawer containing the letter. She seizes on every indication that the past is repeating itself; and when Silla, identifying her as his anonymous correspondent from a careless phrase which she lets fall, addresses her as Cecilia, she is assured that he is the reincarnation of the long-dead lover. At last, in one of the most powerful scenes of the novel, while in church she actually identifies the Almighty Father invoked by the priest with the sinister power which she is convinced is directing her actions. It is the final perversion of which Silla's letter had warned her and which Collins' clergyman had forseen—the pagan acceptance of an evil destiny, the "paralyzing fatalism of the heathen and savage." And her acceptance leads her to contrive the death of Count Cesare, to murder Silla when he resists her will, and finally to commit suicide.

The figure of the beautiful and charming woman who yet has criminal potentialities is common in the novels of both Collins and Miss Braddon. Miss Gwilt of *Armadale* and Lady Audley of *Lady Audley's Secret* are moral monsters, without parallel in the heroines of other Victorian novelists. Fogazzaro has recaptured in Marina's letters to Giulia, the friend in Milan who is helping her to track down Silla, the jaunty febrile recklessness and heartlessness of Miss Gwilt's letters to her accomplice, Mrs. Oldershaw, who is helping her to track down Alan. But Marina's motives are not sordid ambition and lust for money; she resembles much more closely two more tenderly treated heroines of the English novelists, Collins' Magdalen Vanstone of *No Name* and the eponymous heroine of Miss Braddon's *Aurora Floyd*. Indeed Fogazzaro, as he later confessed, fell in love with the fantastic creature of his imagination, and found extenuating circumstances for Marina's crimes. He ascribed her obsession to hereditary madness, which Collins associates with the passion for revenge in only one work, *Basil,* his first modern novel, published in 1852.

There is also another similarity between *Basil* and *Malombra*. Panzacchi criticized in particular what he termed Fogazzaro's abuse of animism in nature, and it was in connection with this criticism that Fogazzaro cited the example of Collins. In almost every one of Collins' novels the sinister crisis of the plot is set against an equally sinister background. The bleak Cumberland fells of *The Woman in White*, the desolate Norfolk Broads in *Armadale,* the silent greedy quicksands of the Yorkshire coast in *The Moonstone*, seem almost to inspire the grim deeds of which they are the sole witnesses. And in *Basil*, the ghastly chasm among the Cornish crags in which the revenge-maddened villain meets his half-suicidal death is strikingly similar to the dread Orrido in which Marina desperately seeks her final refuge.

Contrasted to Marina is Corrado Silla, who, though he has in him, by the author's own admission, much of Fogazzaro himself, also has certain striking analogies with a figure in *Armadale,* that of Midwinter, who, like Ezra Jenkins in *The Moonstone,* is a man of virtue and magnanimity but inspires dislike in nearly all who meet him. All his life Silla has had a conviction that he is the victim of some exterior force that takes pleasure in tormenting him. His new novel is to be called *Nemesi.* He has felt for a long time that an obscure destiny has doomed him to fall at the urging of sinister voices into mud which will stifle his aspirations and destroy his soul. Steinegge's daughter Edith, the good angel of his life, warns him to distrust his *fantasia*; but, despite the prudence and courage counseled in his answer to Marina's letter, despite his flight, like that of Midwinter, from the scene of possible danger, he is not strong enough to make a sufficient act of the will himself, and Edith's coldness seems to him to determine his downfall. He resolves that he will go "ciecamente, a coscienza muta, là dove lo portassero la occulta violenza delle cose e le passioni sue libere."[11] Even Marina's murder of Count Cesare seems no obstacle, and only Edith's letter of encouragement, brought to him when he is on the point of complete surrender to what he is convinced is his fate, breaks the sinister chain that has bound him. Less fortunate than Midwinter, he balks destiny at the price of his own life. But he too has proved that, through the strength conferred by love, Fate may be defied and thwarted at the eleventh hour.

There are other minor resemblances between episodes in *Malombra* and episodes in Collins' novels. The famous scene of the red and black fans in Part II, by which Countess Fosca gives a signal to Nepo that her negotiations with Marina's guardian for a substantial dowry have been successful, recalls Magdalen's signals to Captain Wragge in *No Name* when she too has been successful in contracting a loveless but profitable marriage. The very name of Countess Fosca echoes that of Count Fosco in *The Woman in White,* one of Collins' most famous characters, also a noble adventurer staking everything on an arranged marriage. And the *roman-policier* style of both Collins and Miss Braddon must surely be the explanation of the passage, otherwise so strangely incongruous, in which Padre Tosi with closely reasoned deductions from clues demonstrates that a woman called Cecilia must have made her way by night to Count Cesare's room and caused his death from terror.

But *Malombra* is not merely a patchwork of situations reminiscent of Wilkie Collins. Like most first novels by a writer of genius, it is

[11] II, 468.

both imitative and profoundly original; and several critics have consequently found in it a perplexing combination of incongruous elements. Collins would have treated the story of Marina and her self-imposed doom purely as an exciting complex mystery story, with no subplots and no incidents which were not closely linked to the final catastrophe. He would also have given Silla's love for Edith a happy ending. But Fogazzaro's interest shifts to a subsidiary aspect of his tale which eventually weakens and finally takes precedence over what in the beginning seems to be the main plot. Edith and her relation with her father, the struggle of her religious faith to combat with all the force of love and self-sacrifice Steinegge's bitter dislike of religion, shifts the focus of the novel away from Marina and her growing obsession for so long that the reader's interest in them cools. The scenes in Milan where Edith tends her father and shares his walks and philosophical conversations with Silla are too far removed from Marina's febrile world for Fogazzaro to be able to achieve a successful fusion between them. And, much though her creator enjoyed and loved the beautiful dangerous Countess Crusnelli di Malombra, his true interest as the novel progressed lay in the problems of faith and divine grace. Marina, his eldest daughter, was given no sister until he wrote his last novel; but Edith is a distant kinswoman of other heroines of his, more elegant, more charming, who have in addition to her high conception of duty a capacity for passion whose lack makes Edith seem cold and slightly inhuman. She alone among Fogazzaro's heroines has greater religious faith and a stronger will to renunciation than the man she loves. And in his later novels he would find more effective barriers against the fulfilment of love than a daughter's affection for her father. But the theme of checked aspiration towards human happiness resulting in spiritual torment and growth, which Fogazzaro first uses in *Malombra*, becomes the predominant theme of all his novels.

Though *Malombra* is the only novel in which Fogazzaro's use of an English model is obvious, he does employ in his later work various plot devices which already appear in *Malombra*. This is not unusual in novelists, who seem to use over and over again, perhaps intentionally but more probably unconsciously, certain plot mechanisms varied with such skill that they pass almost unnoticed by the reader. An inheritance from the past discovered through the agency of a letter, generally from someone long since dead, a device, as we have seen, very common in Collins, is used almost as frequently by Fogazzaro, but with many modifications. In *Daniele Cortis*, Daniele learns his mother's secret partly from her own lips, but more unmistakably from a letter which she had preserved from her partner in guilt. In this variant the

writer of the letter is still alive and is himself the logical object for revenge. In *Piccolo mondo antico,* Franco Maironi learns from the suppressed will of his grandfather the truth about his grandmother's dishonor and his own inheritance. In *Piccolo mondo moderno* the heritage from the past is one not of evil but of good. Piero Maironi, during the torment of his forbidden love for Jeanne, reads letters which had passed between his mother and father during the latter's exile, and the revelation of their love and their reunion in a shared faith encourages him in his struggle against temptation.

It is evident how fond Fogazzaro is of what Collins in *No Name* entitled "The Progess of the Story Through the Post." Chapters of interchanged correspondence occur, as they do in many of Collins' novels, in *Piccolo mondo antico, Piccolo mondo moderno, Daniele Cortis,* and *Il santo,* as well as in *Malombra,* though the device was not popular at that time, either in England or in Italy. Both Collins and Fogazzaro use it as a means of revealing character more natural and more intimate than that of direct narration; it is particularly suited to the fashion of Fogazzaro's day for objectivity on the part of the author. Fogazzaro also once uses a typographical trick that he may have borrowed from Collins. In *The Law and the Lady* there is a facsimile reproduction of a bride's signature in the marriage register, to show her great agitation during the wedding. In *Piccolo mondo moderno* there is a facsimile of the scrawled word *S'ofro,* which is intensely moving to Piero Maironi as a token of the conscious anguish of his demented wife.

Why did Fogazzaro turn to such English models as Collins and Miss Bradden at the beginning of his career as a novelist? The answer possibly lies in his own temperament and his own tastes. In his childhood, as he tells us himself, he had delighted in wildly romantic literature:

> A otto o dieci anni palpitai sui *Mystères du peuple* d'Eugène Sue. Allora non sognavo che le quercie sacre, i sacrifici al chiaro di luna, le vergini dell'isola di Seine e anche, credo, i cani enormi che combatterono con i loro padroni contro Giulio Cesare. Poi arrivò Velleda dei *Martyrs.* Più tardi furono gli *chouans* che mi accesero l'immaginazione.[12]

By the time he began to write, however, romanticism was long out of date, realism was declining, and naturalism was the fashionable style. But the naturalism of Zola, as he reveals in the "Discorso" of 1872, was abhorrent to him, and it is probable that in the work of Collins he found a blend of romantic or at least melodramatic incident with realism of setting that appealed both to his natural bent and to his realization that the favorite authors of his youth belonged to the past. He was

[12] XIII, 90.

prepared to describe reality, but for him reality could be neither gray nor somber; it must have color, life, and movement, it must treat man as a rational human being, capable of asserting his own dignity and strength despite the circumstances in which he found himself. This was probably why Collins' conception of destiny was so congenial to him. It rejected both the fatalism of the Eastern tales so popular in the eighteenth century and the determinism current in the nineteenth, and gave man scope for the exercise of his free will in the moral world of Christianity.

In one of Collins' minor novels Fogazzaro may have found another conception of destiny which appealed to him strongly. In *Two Destinies,* Mrs. Dermody, encouraging the love of her granddaughter Mary, still a child, for George who is to be the hero of the story, writes to the boy's mother:

> I hold the belief that all love that is true, is fore-ordained and consecrated in Heaven. Spirits destined to be united in the better world, are divinely commissioned to discover each other, and to begin their union in this world. The only happy marriages are those in which the two destined spirits have succeeded in meeting one another in this sphere of life.
>
> When the kindred spirits have once met, no human power can really part them. Sooner or later, they must, by Divine law, find each other again, and become united spirits once more. Worldly wisdom may force them into widely different ways of life; worldly wisdom may delude them, or may make them delude themselves, into contracting an earthly and fallible union. It matters nothing. The time will certainly come when that union will manifest itself as earthly and fallible; and the two disunited spirits, finding each other again, will become united here, for the world beyond this—united, I tell you, in defiance of all human laws, and of all human notions of right and wrong.[13]

Her authority for this belief is Swedenborg, whom Fogazzaro too had read, and in one way or another the doctrine is fundamental in almost all Fogazzaro's novels with the exception of *Piccolo mondo antico.* Marina perverts and desecrates the idea, which finds its loftiest and most beautiful expression in the "usque dum vivam et ultra" of *Daniele Cortis.* It reappears in *Piccolo mondo moderno,* in *Il santo,* and in *Il mistero del poeta.* This latter novel, it may be noted, has remarkable similarities with *Two Destinies* in length (unusually brief for both Collins and Fogazzaro), structure, plot, the partly foreign setting (also unusual for both authors), and the equivocal situation of the heroine. It is typical of the two novelists that Collins generally provides earthly felicity for his twinned lovers, whereas Fogazzaro's must wait until after death for a blissful reunion.

[13] Ch. II.

In at least two of his books the Italian author returns to the device of the seemingly inevitable outcome of events averted at the last moment. In *Daniele Cortis,* every barrier to a love affair between Daniele and Elena seems to have been removed. Her duty to her husband has been canceled by his admitted dishonor, and her love for Daniele is at its flood; on his side, desire for revenge on her husband might well ally itself with his passion for Elena. But in the crisis his will and his religious faith assert themselves; and, though he seems to leave the final decision to her, it is he who has broken the chain of enchantment and, like the protagonists of Silla's *Un sogno,* the lovers part, asserting their superiority to the turmoil of the senses that might have ruined less noble souls. It should be observed that in this novel it is religion and not human love which confers the strength of will necessary to combat destiny.

In *Piccolo mondo moderno,* Piero and Jeanne stand on the brink of disaster, and are saved from it not by an effort of the will but by the jealous watchfulness of Piero's rival Bassanelli during the night when Piero has resolved to become Jeanne's lover. Ludicrous though the situation may seem, it is undoubtedly the intervention of divine grace that saves Piero from the mortal sin which he seems doomed to commit; and this conception of divine grace thwarting the evil destiny fully accepted by the man too weak to combat it himself, the man who is no longer conscious of any "misterioso contatto con Dio," is Fogazzaro's final development of Collins' original theme. The idea of man's power of individual choice between good and evil, his ability to exercise free will and in a sense to make his own destiny, has been extended and elevated to show that the grace of God may forestall the imminent self-destruction of God's chosen instrument, and may supply the "forza incalcolabile" which in the human being is inadequate.

Thus, just as the idea of an inheritance from the past went through various stages, from that of hatred and revenge in *Malombra* to that of love and blessing in *Piccolo mondo moderno,* so the conception of opposition to destiny passed through the three stages of human will strengthened by human love in *Malombra,* human will strengthened by religion in *Daniele Cortis,* human will insufficient and supplemented by divine grace in *Piccolo mondo moderno.*

In *Piccolo mondo moderno* also Fogazzaro develops in a way peculiar to himself another of the Collins themes, that of the dream or vision in which a man sees enacted scenes from his future life. During his vigil in the asylum chapel during his wife's mortal agony, Piero Maironi has a vision, which he records fully, entrusting the sealed account to Don Giuseppe Flores. In *Il santo* nearly all the scenes of his

vision are re-enacted in real life, including his strange nocturnal visit to the Vatican, when unguided but unerring he finds his way through dark labyrinths to the room where the Pope awaits him. But the final scene of his vision, that of his own death, takes place differently. He had seen himself dying in the open air, at the foot of a pine tree, dressed in the Benedictine habit; but in actual fact he dies in a bed, indoors, with the habit which he had no right to wear, since he had never joined the order, lying beside him. When Piero gives Don Giuseppe the account of his vision, he tells him that, though he is convinced that the prophecies are of supernatural origin as far as his own mission is concerned, "in quanto invece mi preannuncia dati avvenimenti, io non presumo niente, accetterò dalla mano di Dio quel ch'Egli vorrà."[14] In his interview with the Pope he relates details of his vision and adds, "Ha potuto essere un'illusione, opera di spiriti maligni, no." And like an echo of *Malombra,* a re-echo of *Armadale,* is the Pope's reply: "Gli spiriti maligni possono trasformarsi in angeli di luce."[15]

In the later novels the role played by external nature has also developed into a new spaciousness and grandeur. Almost alone in a generation when regionalism is confined to an impassive, slightly stylized background for the archaic world of the peasant and fisherman, Fogazzaro shows an exquisite perceptiveness for the *genius loci.* Each of his landscapes, gardens, villas, and shrines has its own sharply defined character and mood, and exerts a profound influence over the sophisticated, highly sensitive minds of the creatures of his creation. The dark shadow of Cecilia seems to the feverish fantasy of Donna Marina still to dwell by the lake and in the terrifying Orrido, so that nature itself joins in urging her to murder and self-destruction. But in *Piccolo mondo moderno,* Piero finds all the sweet influences of the past breathing forth their balm in the tranquil loveliness of Val Doria. In this novel, indeed, the constantly varied scenes exert a whole range of influences from the abbey of Praglia, which stands "sur un enorme dado di pietre nere, onde irrompe, qua e là, congiunta con le ribellioni del pensiero, la ribellione dell'erba viva," to the Profondo and the Rio Freddo, which symbolize the abyss of mortal sin and the valley of the shadow of spiritual death to whose brink Piero and Jeanne have come.

At first glance *Leila* seems to lie somewhat outside the canon of Fogazzaro's novels. He had explored to his utmost religious and philosophical capacity the problems of destiny and free will in his earlier works; in *Leila* fate is mentioned only twice, and then casually. But it

[14] VI, 415.
[15] VII, 315.

is in the character of Leila that the tormented restless soul of his first beloved heroine at last finds a vicarious peace. The opening situation of the novel is that of *Malombra* repeated. A proud young girl with a corrupt heritage is living with an elderly guardian against whom she rebels and whose motives she distrusts. To his house in the country comes a young man whom she suspects and resents, so that she repels his love with her haughtiness. Leila herself is again a version of the resourceful independent heroine, potentially dangerous, of Collins and Miss Braddon, but she has the strength and sanity to conquer her pride and claim her lover. Tempted like Marina by the whirlpool which might be her doom, she learns to see in it a symbol of the irresistible force of love which will both engulf and save her. Her corrupt heredity is countered and defeated by Donna Fedele's saintly heritage, and her complete surrender to love saves Massimo Alberti from the despair which is destroying him. Her regeneration is symbolized when she insists that her name is no longer Lelia but Leila. Fogazzaro's last novel is the only one to end as Collins would have ended it, with a prospective happy marriage and a substantial inheritance; yet no novel could resemble Collins less.

This study of the influence of Collins on Fogazzaro and its developments is by no means an attempt to diminish Fogazzaro's stature or his claim to originality. He realized in his own works the ideal which he had set before Italian novelists in his "Discorso" at Vicenza—a faithful portrait of Italian scenery and the Italian temperament, varying as both do from region to region, an observation of many classes of society, and an inflinching analysis of the writer's own heart. No study of models however distinguished, he had said at the close of his address, is of any avail without inspiration and imagination; and Fogazzaro's own inspiration, with its curious blend of mysticism, pantheism, and spiritual sensuality, was very far removed from that of any English model he may have used. Wilkie Collins gave him only the starting point for the voyage of self-discovery on which he embarked in *Malombra.* It seems evident that in *Piccolo mondo moderno* and in *Leila* he at last discovered the truth about his own hopes and fears, and, as far as was possible, about his own answers to the eternal questions concerning man's destiny which to Collins had been only a device to heighten the suspense of a sensational tale.

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# George Moore and Literary Wagnerism

GEORGE MOORE mediated a great deal of the continental influence on English literature in the last decades of the nineteenth century and the first of the twentieth; but because of his habit of "studied comicality" and his practice of self-denigration under the cover of conceit, he has received small credit for his own originality and his ability to pick winners. Among his "firsts," he led the way in the writing of Wagnerian novels. Before Virginia Woolf in *The Voyage Out* reported that Mrs. Dalloway had heard *Parsifal* in Bayreuth and swooned; before D. H. Lawrence in *The Trespasser* made his Siegmund a violinist at Covent Garden, before Gertrude Atherton and Willa Cather in *Tower of Ivory* and *The Song of the Lark* recounted the life of American Wagnerian sopranos; before Arnold Bennett in *Sacred and Profane Love* built the action of his story round the seductive power of Tristan—George Moore had written *Evelyn Innes* and its sequel *Sister Teresa.* Behind him lay only Stanley Makower's rather slight *Mirror of Music* and E. F. Benson's rather faint novelette, *The Rubicon.*[1]

*Evelyn Innes* opens at the end of a thin winter day to the sound of music played on the virginal. The novel appeared in 1898; the action may be placed in a vaguely defined time in the period when the English

[1] *The Voyage Out* (1915), *The Trespasser* (1912), *Tower of Ivory* (1910), *The Song of the Lark* (1915), *Sacred and Profane Love* (1905), *Mirror of Music* (1895), *The Rubicon* (1894). The two novels of Gabriele d'Annunzio most saturated with Wagnerism, *Il trionfo della morte* (1894) and *Il fuoco* (1898), were promptly translated into English (1896 and 1890) and enjoyed wide popularity. Some aspects of English literary Wagnerism are treated by Max Moser in *Richard Wagner in der englischen Literatur des XIX. Jahrhunderts* (Bern, 1938); Moore himself is discussed pp. 89-98.

musical world's taste for Wagner was often combined with a taste for early music. Mr. Innes, the organist of a Jesuit church in Dulwich, has given himself entirely to the cause of the old music, and we see him playing the "wailing chords" of Vittoria's motet *O Magnum Mysterium* and remarking to his daughter: "That is where Wagner went for his chorus of youth in the cupola. The critics haven't discovered it yet; they are still talking of Palestrina."[2]

That intelligent critic of music, James Gibbons Huneker, exclaimed in his review: "At last a novel with some intelligent criticism of music!"[3] Perhaps it is too early to recall Max Beerbohm's parody of George Moore in *A Christmas Garland*,[4] in which Moore meets Dolmetsch with a Mass by Palestrina under his arm. "Will you read me the score?" he asks, and Dolmetsch does, twice over. And yet it is surely literature and imperfectly remembered musical conversation that permitted Moore's Mr. Innes to extract "wailing chords" from so unsonorous an instrument as the virginal or that prompted him to attempt to render a choral work in such a medium.

This, however, is background music in the novel. Evelyn has profited by her father's expert instruction in the technique and the chaste style of early church music, but has inherited the voice of her mother, who had been an opera singer. To the pair of them, sprouting despondently in Dulwich, there enters Sir Owen Asher, a rich musical dilettante who has heard of Mr. Innes' efforts in the office of the *Wagnerian Review* and has hastened to investigate. Sir Owen is far gone in Wagnerism: "at five-and-thirty Bayreuth and its world of musical culture and ideas had interested him in spite of an unconquerable aversion to long hair and dirty hands."[5] On hearing Evelyn sing at a concert of ancient music, he is struck by the Wagnerian timbre of her voice and decides to take the double chance of making her a Wagnerian singer and his mistress; to hear his creature sing Kundry at Bayreuth is his ultimate aim.

On one of his visits to Dulwich Sir Owen "was playing love music out of 'Tristan' on the harpsichord. The gnawing, creeping sensuality of the phrase brought little shudders into her flesh; all life seemed dissolved into a dim tremor and rustling of blood; vague colour floated

[2] *Evelyn Innes* (London, 1898), p. 10.

[3] J. G. Huneker, *Overtones* (New York, 1904), p. 188.

[4] Max Beerbohm, *A Christmas Garland* (London, 1950), p. 177. Hardly less absurd is the passage in *Memoirs of my Dead Life* (London, 1915), p. 322, in which Moore asserts that he threw all his bank notes, gold, and silver to a Bohemian fiddler bidding him "Give me *The Ring*, give me *The Ring*."

[5] *Evelyn Innes*, p. 13.

into her eyes, and there were moments when she could hardly restrain herself from jumping to her feet and begging him to stop."[6] A curious passage: the idea of *Tristan* on the harpsichord is indubitably as creepy as the writer intends; and he gets the desired effect of an irruption of the sensual into the chaste, of the demands of the present into the arrangements of the past; and the description fits both Wagner and the harpsichord. The only snag is the practical impossibility of playing sustained groping oceanic harmonies on that instrument. Brilliant as metaphor, it is ludicrous as actuality.

With a little additional aid from Omar Khayyam, Théophile Gautier, and Herbert Spencer as solvents of morality, Sir Owen accomplishes his initial purpose. By a song from Purcell's *Indian Queen*, "at once religious and voluptuous, seemingly the rapture of a nun that remembrance has overtaken and for the moment overpowered,"[7] Evelyn impresses a great teacher in Paris, and her career as an operatic singer is begun.

From that point, the novel is full of Wagnerian discussion, all of it topical in the heyday of English Wagnerism, and much of it skillfully integrated with the theme of the book and the life of its characters. Evelyn, for instance, is careful to differentiate between Isolde before and Isolde after she has drunk the love potion; the distinction is that between the daughter of Dulwich and the mistress of Covent Garden. Indeed, Sir Owen intended *Tristan and Isolde* to be his story and Evelyn's, but at the moment of fulfillment of her art and of their love Evelyn has a dream—she has the somnambulistic quality of the true Wagnerite. She dreams of two Tristans, a fair and a dark. The golden-whiskered rationalist Sir Owen is soon to have a rival, the Irish composer Ulick Dean, a dark-eyed occultist who could never have been conceived had not a young Irish poet with raven forelock been known to Moore at the time.[8]

Sir Owen is an orthodox, Ulick a dissident Wagnerian. Ulick had "recanted his Wagnerian faith" in favor of a belief in the old gods of Ireland, and stood apart from that conflict of religion and sensuality within which Evelyn lived her life. Owen had very early formed the ambition to hear her sing Kundry, and on a journey up the Rhine had told her the story of *Parsifal*; but the meaning of the part then and later

[6] *Ibid.*, p. 73.
[7] *Ibid.*, p. 137.
[8] *Ibid.*, pp. 152, 265, 276, 153, 151. In the revision of the novel (1901) Ulick ceases to resemble Yeats and takes on the features of A.E. An Irish episode is added in which Evelyn and her lover visit Chapelizod, the legendary home of Isolde.

was to escape her, owing partly to the opinions of Ulick. Of Wagner's music dramas, Ulick deemed *Tannhäuser* to be perhaps the finest, being the sincerest, and *Parsifal* the worst, being the most hypocritical. Elisabeth was the essential penitent, she who does penance for the sins of others. Not for a moment could he admit the penitence of Kundry.[9] Ulick looks like a young W. B. Yeats, argues like a young D. H. Lawrence; he has the impatience of both with Evelyn's Roman Catholicism and Owen's dreary rationalism. The character of Parsifal he could admit even less than the character of Kundry. As he would say in vehement discussion:

> If I am to discuss an artistic question, I must go to the very heart of it. Now, if we ask ourselves what Siegfried did, the answer is, that he forged the sword, killed the dragon and released Brünnhilde. But if, in like manner, we ask ourselves what Parsifal did, is not the answer, that he killed a swan and refused a kiss and with many morbid, suggestive and disagreeable remarks?[10]

Wagner, he says, had long been considering an opera with a subjective hero—Christ or Buddha; when into a pretty mediaeval myth he had shot the material gathered for greater subjects, the old wine burst the new bottle. Besides, "in neither Christ nor Buddha did the question of sex arise, and that was the reason that Wagner eventually rejected them both. He was as full of sex—mysterious, subconscious sex—as Rossetti himself." And he concludes concerning *Parsifal,* adumbrating from his oblique position the religious theme of the novel as it is to work itself out: "The airs of this mock redeemer were truly unbearable, and the abjection of Kundry before this stuffed Christ revolted him." Late in the book, with Evelyn abject before him, Monsignor Mostyn strangely echoes these views: *Parsifal,* he tells his penitent, is a parody of the Mass, whether performed at Bayreuth or elsewhere.[11]

Not only does Evelyn sing and discuss Wagner, she is caught in a swirl of Wagnerian situations. When she goes off with Sir Owen, she recognizes her father in Wotan as she sings the role of the disobedient Brünnhilde, and she often tries to work out the allegory, but lacks the energy and clarity of mind. Again, Ulick and Evelyn recognize their story in *Tristan*; Evelyn is carried by the music and by "currents of the blood" into yielding, and it is as if she had taken of the love potion; the end is described as nervous exhaustion. If Ulick is Tristan, Mr. Innes and Owen share the character of Marke; but again the resemblance is allowed to dissolve.[12] George Moore uses Wagnerian parallels

[9] *Ibid.,* pp. 159, 68-69, 179, 281, 284, 192.
[10] *Ibid.,* p. 193.
[11] *Ibid.,* pp. 194, 195, 333.
[12] *Ibid.,* pp. 203, 212, 389, 239, 264, 277, 362, 299.

as often as James Joyce was to use Homeric parallels but without Joyce's appearance of system.

One thing, however, is kept in focus and that is the opposition of Wagner and Catholicism as correlatives of Evelyn's state of sin and state of grace. Everything before Wagner seems to her "like a pious book"; Catholicism seems exoteric and insufficient—like Gounod. True, the first step in Evelyn's conversion is a Wagnerian concert in aid of her old convent, a concert at which "every degree of Wagner culture was present, from the ten-antlered stag who had seen 'Parsifal' given under the eye of the master to the skipping fawns eagerly browsing upon the motives."[13] But the sisters of the convent are not there; and, when Evelyn is drawn closer to them, her opulent voice—made so by Wagner—is incongruous and disturbing. She gives much thought to the penitent roles in Wagner; and when she is Owen's mistress she can also be the mediaeval virgin Elisabeth; but Kundry she is never to be, on the stage or off it, for Monsignor Mostyn puts an end to Wagnerian role playing, to idolatry, hypocrisy, and sensual drift.

George Moore is not reputed to be a particularly improving writer, and a reader of *Evelyn Innes* may be surprised at his grip on moral fact. It would have been fatally easy to have allowed any one or a combination of the specific Wagnerian parallels to force the characters and the action rigidly in a given direction. Instead, the theme (which is, to be sure, not foreign to Wagner) of the conflict and combination of religion and sensuality imposes its own unity on the material, so that Evelyn's conversion and her attendant renunciation of the stage is at the end inevitable and right.

The reappraisal in *Sister Teresa* is likewise inevitable. Evelyn "had discovered two instincts in herself, an inveterate sensuality and a sincere aspiration for a spiritual life"; no sooner has she renounced the first in the interest of the second than she experiences "a third revelation—that the sexual trouble was but the surface of her nature, that beyond it there was a deeper nature whose depths were yet unsounded." Unsounded they remain. *Sister Teresa* is inferior in interest to *Evelyn Innes,* the ebbing of hope, the note of regret, the dying fall, cannot sustain a whole book. There is, however, one passage of power and terror, in which Sister Teresa suffers a nightmare. She is playing Brünnhilde and lies on the mountain top surrounded by the magic fire. The hero forces his way to her, and "she heard her vows die as Siegfried's lips pressed hers apart." Awake, "she lay quiescent, and

[13] *Ibid.*, pp. 343, 301, 342.

her whole life seemed to be read out to her, and at the end of the long reading she answered, 'No Siegfried will come to release me from this prison of invisible bars. And if Siegfried came to release me from these flames—for every will is a flame—of what use should I be to him?"[14] That is the last gleam at the end of Evelyn Innes' thin winter day.

How did George Moore come to write a book so saturated with Wagner? To say that Wagner was a topic of the day is true but not sufficient, for Moore himself had long been, in his own phrase, "rotten with Wagnerism," and in this he was near the forefront of English fashion, not a follower.

Young George Moore left bucolic Ireland in 1870, and we may suppose that he was at the time as innocent as his friend Mr. Ryan was to be, who saw a photograph of Wagner on the club table and asked "Who is that?"

> I: That is Wagner.
>
> Mr. Ryan: Who is Wagner?
>
> I (recovering myself with an effort): Don't you know? Richard Wagner, the great breeder of short horns!
>
> Mr. Ryan: Begorra 'tis strange I never came across him in Ballinasloe...[15]

In 1873 Moore settled in Paris, on the Quai Voltaire, but the fact that Wagner had stayed there while writing *Die Meistersinger* seems not to have registered on him at the time. With a sublime, a Wagnerian, egotism the young lover and consumer busies himself in collecting and discarding books and friends and equipping himself for his double role, "the youngest of the naturalists and the eldest of the symbolists." His shadow lengthens a generation into the future, and we discern Stephen Dedalus collecting epiphanies and J. M. Synge listening to the Aran Islanders through a chink in the floor as Moore recounts how "with the patience of a cat before a mouse-hole, I watched and listened, picking one characteristic phrase out of hours of vain chatter, interested and amused by an angry or loving glance."[16]

He was just as selectively sensitive to the ideas current in the world of the arts. Professor Malcolm Brown asks: "How many readers owe their discovery of Balzac, Flaubert, Zola, Turgenev, Huysmans, Verlaine, Monet, Degas, and even Wagner to the infectiousness of Moore's

[14] *Sister Teresa*, (London, 1901), pp. 8, 199, 200. Moore was never to rest content with *Evelyn Innes* and its sequel, in any version, and concluded finally, though perhaps unfairly, that "a superficial subject had better be written superficially." "Apologia pro Scriptis meis," *Fortnightly Review*, CXII (1922), 536-537.

[15] *Parnell and his Island* (London, 1887), pp. 18-19.

[16] *Memoirs of my Dead Life* (London, 1906), p. 48. *Confessions of a Young Man* (London, 1937), pp. 22, 19.

enthusiasms?"[17] It is right to say "even Wagner," to put the composer in a special category; for what Moore discovered and communicated in his Paris phase was not Wagner himself and his music—that was to come later—but French literary Wagnerism. This fact is proclaimed throughout the *Confessions of a Young Man.* For instance, it is when Moore is discussing not music but poetry, not Wagner but Mallarmé, that he remarks of *L'Après-midi d'un faune* that it bears the same relation to the author's later work as *Rienzi* does to *Die Walküre;* and the ensuing discussion of symbolism in poetry could have been written by a man who had never heard a note of Wagner—but had puzzled over Mallarmé's sonnet, "Hommage à Richard Wagner."[18]

Of one of Verlaine's poems he writes: "The charm is that of an odour of iris exhaled by some ideal tissues, or of a missal in a gold case, a precious relic of the pomp and ritual of an archbishop of Persepolis."[19] An anticipation of the literary tone of the nineties? True. But the poem in question is Verlaine's "Parsifal." Like Mallarmé's poem, this appeared in the *Revue Wagnérienne.*

One of the most vivid portraits of a French man of letters in the *Confessions* is that of Catulle Mendès:

> a perfect realization of his name, with his pale hair, and his fragile face illuminated with the idealism of a depraved woman. He takes you by the arm, by the hand, he leans toward you, his words are caresses, his fervour is delightful, and to hear him is as sweet as drinking a smooth perfumed wine. All he says is false—the book he has just read, the play he is writing, the woman who loves him... He buys a packet of bonbons in the streets and eats them, and it is false.

The book that Catulle Mendès had just read when Moore knew him might have been one of his own, on Wagner, or of his wife, Judith Gautier, on Wagner, or of their friend Villiers de l'Isle Adam, with whom they visited Wagner in Triebschen on their way to hear the premières of *Das Rheingold* and *Die Walküre* in Munich.[20]

The one person from this milieu who remained a lifelong friend of Moore's was Edouard Dujardin. Dujardin had received some musical education and was blessed with a small talent as a critic and writer and a considerable talent as an editor and publicist. After conversa-

[17] Malcolm Brown, *George Moore: A Reconstruction* (Seattle, 1955), p. xii.
[18] *Confessions,* p. 49.
[19] *Ibid.,* p. 52.
[20] *Ibid.,* p. 48. See Catulle Mendès, *Richard Wagner* (1886); Judith Gautier, *Richard Wagener et son œuvre poétique* (1882); Villiers de l'Isle Adam, *Contes cruels* (1883). See also Judith Gautier, *Auprès de Richard Wagner: Souvenirs (1861-1882)* (1943); G. Jean-Aubrey, "Villiers de l'Isle Adam and Music," *Music and Letters,* XIX (1938), 391-404; Kurt Jäckel, *Richard Wagner in der französischen Literatur* (Breslau, 1931-32), I, 103-104, II, 11-23, 24-40.

tions in Munich with Houston Stewart Chamberlain he had returned to Paris to edit the *Revue Wagnérienne* (1883-86), the literary organ, simultaneously and equally, of Wagnerism and symbolism. It was he who used to take Mallarmé to "Vespers"—the Wagner concerts on Sunday evenings—and even when the interests of this boulevardier and speculator on the financial and literary markets turned to Christian origins (as Moore's also was to turn), he remained a faithful if not a fanatical Wagnerite and a frequent pilgrim to Bayreuth. Today he is chiefly remembered because James Joyce told a reporter after the publication of *Ulysses* that he had taken the idea of the interior monologue from a novel of Dujardin's, *Les Lauriers sont coupés*. Not many recall the postscript to the story—that Dujardin, summoned like Lazarus back into the land of the living, explained that his technique had been devised in an attempt to achieve in literature the effect of Wagnerian music.[21]

There is no evidence that Dujardin succeeded in communicating his enthusiasm for Wagner's music dramas to Moore during the Paris years; but there is in the *Confessions* (removed from the editions after 1888) an indication that Moore was already saturated in Wagnerian literary ideas of the sort that Dujardin was active in propagating, and that he had already conceived the idea of what was to be his own late style, and conceived it in Wagnerian terms. Apropos of *Lorna Doone*, which struck him as no better than a third-rate Italian opera, he wrote:

> Wagner made the discovery, not a very wonderful one after all when we think, that an opera had much better be melody from beginning to end. The realistic school following on Wagner's footsteps discovered that a novel had much better be all narrative—an uninterrupted flow of narrative. Description is narrative, analysis of character is narrative, dialogue is narrative; the form is ceaselessly changing, but the melody of narration is never interrupted.[22]

George Moore's Wagnerism is already complete in Paris, but empty as yet of Wagner.

Gradually Wagner came to figure, as topic and influence, in Moore's early art—taking *Evelyn Innes* as the dividing line between early and

[21] Dujardin's novel (Paris, 1888) has been translated by Stuart Gilbert as *We'll to the Woods No More* (New York, 1938). Dujardin's place in French Wagnerism is discussed by Jäckel, *op. cit.*, II, 49-53. See also Aristide Marie, *La Forêt symboliste* (Paris, 1936), ch. III on Dujardin, ch. IV on Moore; and Jacques-Emile Blanche, *Portraits of a Lifetime*, tr. Walter Clement (London, 1937), pp. 84-87. For Dujardin's acknowledgement of Wagner's influence on his technique, see *Le Monologue intérieur* (Paris, 1931), pp. 54-55, 58, 104.

[22] *Confessions of a Young Man*, 2nd ed. (1888), pp. 270-271. Omitted from later editions. The passage on Zola's *Assommoir* is concerned with the same technical question, as Professor Brown points out in *George Moore*, p. 182.

late. Certain passages in the earliest novels, not quoted here,[23] are so many missed opportunities; in them, Wagner is a filler or at best a dash of colour. And then suddenly, quite late in the development of a rather lack-lustre realistic novel, *Spring Days* (1888), an experience of *Tristan and Isolde* forces its way through the surface of the book, and we are embarrassingly confronted with this:

> The lovers have drunk of the magic philtre, their bowels are full of love; their brains are aflame with love; they have striven, they have resisted, they are now weary and flesh-sore. They are alone—alone and facing the beautiful night. Too weary are they of the day that separates them, and they are fearful of life that will punish them for too great happiness. "Descend upon us, night of love, give me forgetfulness of life, gather me to thy breast, take me across this universe. Already the last lights are retiring; that which we thought we saw, remembrances and images of things, the remains of illusion, august presentiments of the holy darkness, extinguish all in taking us across the world. As soon as the sun has set in our breasts, the stars of happiness shall spread their laughing light. The world and paling fascination, the world that the moon lights with her deceitful beams, the false sceptre that the day places before me; it is I who am the world. Live holy love, august offspring of voluptuousness, delicious desire of eternal sleep, without form and unawakening." Faint and intermittent memories of the music came to him as he stood on the dock.[24]

The rudderless skiff of Moore's prose enters the Wagnerian whirlpool.

At this juncture George Moore left the center of literary Wagnerism, and later London, the center of what may be called social Wagnerism (the Wagnerism of society and of socialism), for his native Ireland. Some account of the relation of Wagner to the Irish literary revival is in order. I believe that the influence is considerable, though much mediated and combined with other currents of thought. If W. B. Yeats had not happened to be tone-deaf! . . .

Bernard Shaw did not take all the Wagnerism of Ireland with him to London; indeed it is odd that the heir of the intellectual tradition

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[23] See *Lewis Seymour and Some Women* (London, 1917), p. 30; *A Modern Lover*, 2nd ed. (London, 1885), pp. 41, 124; *A Mummer's Wife* (London, 1936), p. 241; *A Mere Accident* (London, 1887); *Mike Fletcher* (London, 1889); pp. 126-127. Further incidental references to Wagner and Wagnerism are to be found in *Conversations in Ebury Street* (London, 1930), pp. 10, 131, 162 ff., 234, 237; *Avowals* (London, 1924), pp. 10, 130, 193, 236; *Impressions and Opinions* (London, 1891), pp. 280-281; and in the prefaces to his plays, *Esther Waters* (London, 1913), pp. xi, xiv, and *The Coming of Gabrielle* (London, 1920), pp. xxii, xxvii-xviii. For Wagnerism in the letters, see John Eglinton, ed.. and tr., *Letters from George Moore to Ed. Dujardin 1886-1922* (New York, (1929), *passim*, especially pp. 20, 43-44, 73. See also Rupert Hart-Davis, ed., *George Moore: Letters to Lady Cunard 1895-1933* (London, 1957), pp. 21, 25, 40, 62 ff., 84; Nancy Cunard, *G. M.: Memoirs of George Moore* (London, 1956), pp. 43, 46, 52, 74-75.

[24] *Spring Days* (London, 1888), pp. 313-314. Removed after the first edition.

of comedy should have been a Wagnerite at all.[25] Those of the next generation who stayed in Ireland and tried to re-establish its heroic tradition were far more ready seed ground for Wagner the mythologist of national origins.[26] And, when Irish literary development turned decisively toward the drama, it so happened that the Irishman and the Englishwoman who share much of the credit, financial and otherwise, for making an independent theater possible in Ireland—Edward Martyn and Miss Horniman — were both fervent Wagnerites.[27] Moore's friend for many years, Martyn, came under Wagner's spell while at Oxford, went often to Bayreuth, sometimes in Moore's company, and devoted his riches and talents to the establishment of a Palestrina Choir in Dublin Cathedral and to the writing and production of plays in which Ibsen is the primary but Wagner a secondary influence. Martyn may well have had firsthand knowledge of all the independent theaters of Europe—Wagner's in Bayreuth (1876), Antoine's in Paris (1887), Brahm's in Berlin (1889), Grien's in London (1891), his own Irish Literary Theatre in Dublin (1899), and its successor, Miss Horniman's Irish National Theatre (1904). Miss Horniman, the Manchester spinster of ample means who supplied the Irish dramatists with the Abbey Theatre, was likewise a Wagnerite from her youth up. Not only was she a regular pilgrim to Bayreuth, which must to her as to Martyn have been the archetype of the art theater, but she helped her friend Ashton Ellis in his labors of translating Wagner's prose works and editing *The Meister,* the periodical

[25] William Blissett, "Bernard Shaw Imperfect Wagnerite," *UTQ,* XVII (1958), 185-199.

[26] Standish O'Grady's histories and collection of Irish heroic legends began to appear in 1878; T. W. Rolleston's *Myths and Legends of the Celtic Race* was published in 1911 but was preceded by *Imagination and Art in Gaelic Literature* in 1900. Rolleston was a strong Wagnerite. Among historians of the Irish movement, Ernest A. Boyd in *Ireland's Literary Renaissance* (New York, 1916), p. 117, pointed out the resemblance of the story of Cuchulain and Fand to Venus and Tannhäuser; Dawson Byrne in *The Story of Ireland's National Theatre* (Dublin, 1929) quoted Wagner as an epigraph in his foreword; and T. C. Murray in Lennox Robinson's collection, *The Irish Theatre* (London, 1939), wrote: "In the rich mine of Celtic myth and legend there lay at hand, they believed, a wealth of material which needed only the instinct of the dramatist to recreate it in the form demanded by the stage. It was no illogical theory, for such national legendary lore had been the main source not only of the dramatic literature of Ancient Greece but of Ibsen's *Peer Gynt* and *Brand* and the splendid music-drama of Wagner" (p. 120).

[27] Denis Gwynne, *Edward Martyn and the Irish Revival* (London, 1930); Sister Mary Courtney, *Edward Martyn* (New York, 1956); Rex Pogson, *Miss Horniman* (London, 1952); see also references to Miss Horniman's Wagnerism in Allan Wade, ed., *The Letters of W. B. Yeats* (London, 1954), pp. 262, note 2, 371, note 3, 459-460.

of the English Wagner Society. She and Ellis, like so many other Wagnerites in France, England, and the United States, were theosophists; and so Wagner, literally, exercised an occult influence.[28]

Ireland developed its own musical tradition based on operatic arias and sentimental ballads, and *Dubliners* and *Ulysses* show us how expressive it could be. Shaw's is a minority voice: "It is an Irish defect to lose grip and interest by neglecting the words—thinking only of the music. Cats do the same thing when they are serenading one another; but the genuineness of their emotion gives them poignancy."[29] Irish singers in drawing rooms, concert rooms, and pubs—Molly Bloom, and Simon Dedalus—were not usually of Wagnerian stuff, and the literary movement was not at first strong enough to dictate musical taste.

A chronicler of this tradition, John Todhunter, born in 1839, lived long enough to sigh for a Wagnerian opera without vocal parts.[30] (Did he not get it in the tragedies of Yeats and Synge?) Out of sympathy though he was with Wagnerian music, he had himself written a *Rienzi* in 1881; and after his death in 1916 his *Isolt of Ireland* was published, proving that a literary affinity with Wagner can survive a musical antipathy.

The first Irish writer in whom musical and literary Wagnerism were to be combined was T. W. Rolleston. During his years in Germany, in which he came to know Wagner's works, he became adept enough in German to translate *Leaves of Grass;* and in letters to Whitman he found affinities between the musician and the poet. Later he wrote verse himself, and was in the chair at meetings of the Rymers' Club and represented in both its collections. His Irish and his Wagnerian enthusiasms were concurrent. At the same time that he was writing *The High Deeds of Finn* (1910) and *Myths & Legends of the Celtic Race* (1911), he produced translations of *Lohengrin* (1911)

[28] Sar Peladan, the Rosicrucian, and Edouard Schuré, the follower of Rudolf Steiner, were among the leading French translators and commentators on Wagner; a perusal of the theosophist journals of London, Dublin, and New York discloses that far more attention was devoted to the message of Wagner than to that of any other modern artist. See especially *The Grail* (London, 1897), I, 3, II, 32-33, V, 134-136; *The Internationalist* (Dublin, 1897), continued as *The International Theosophist* (Dublin, 1898-1904), which has some dozen Wagner extracts or articles.

[29] Clifford Bax, ed., *Florence Farr, Barnard Shaw, W. B. Yeats, Letters* (New York, 1942), pp. 22-23, a letter dated June 6, 1902.

[30] John Todhunter, *Essays* (London, 1920), 170-171. Florence Gerard, who wrote books on *Celebrated Irish Beauties* (1895) and *Picturesque Dublin* (1898), also produced popular works on *The Romance of King Ludwig II of Bavaria* (1899) and *Wagner, Bayreuth, and the Festival Plays* (1901).

and *Tannhäuser* (1912) and a free paraphrase of *Parsifal* (1913) for editions sumptuously decorated by Willy Pógany.[31] When he came to collect them, he found that the title he wished to use—*Sacred and Profane Love*—had already been appropriated by Arnold Bennett, for a Wagnerian novel!

George Moore dedicated the first edition of *Evelyn Innes* "to Arthur Symons and W. B. Yeats, Two Contemporary Writers with whom I am in sympathy." Moore followed Yeats back to their native land, and Symons too was to discover that he was a Celt and to visit Ireland in 1896 and in the early years of the new century, to the delight of the young intellectuals whose darling he was.[32] Symons was perhaps the most influential critic of his day, and played a part equal to Moore's own in mediating French influence in the English-speaking world. And, as in Moore's case, his musical Wagnerism developed from literature. He possessed Swinburne's copy of Baudelaire's essay, "Richard Wagner et Tannhäuser à Paris," the premier document of literary Wagnerism; he knew—personally in some cases—the Wagnerites Verlaine, Mallarmé, Huysmans, D'Annunzio. As editor of the *Savoy* he published Aubrey Beardsley's Tannhäuser pastiche, "Under the Hill," and made preliminary arrangements for the serial appearance of *Evelyn Innes*. In 1899 he published in *The Dome* his own highly perceptive essay on "Parsifal."[33]

We may imagine how pervasive if not how explicit would be the Wagnerism of the conversations of Lady Gregory and Yeats at Coole and of Moore, Martyn, and Symons at near-by Tillyra. Indeed, in the writings of the tone-deaf Yeats alone there is ample material for such a surmise. In his discussions with John Eglinton in defense of national as against cosmopolitan literature, Yeats appeals to the example of Wagner, who successfully returned to national origins and mythical subjects, and clearly he sees himself as doing the same sort of thing for Ireland. All his incidental references to Wagner are favorable; what he would like is an Irish literary Bayreuth.[34]

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[31] The texts were collected, without the decorations, as *Three Love Tales* (London, 1920).

[32] Mary Colum, *Life and the Dream* (London, 1947), p. 121.

[33] Arthur Symons, *Charles Baudelaire* (London, 1920), 101-102; "Bayreuth: Notes on Wagner," *The Dome*, IV (1898), 145-149. In a letter to Symons (Sept. 10, 1905) Yeats praised an essay of Symons on "The Ideas of Richard Wagner," written in 1905, and included in *Studies in Seven Arts* (London, 1924); *Letters*, pp. 459-460.

[34] John Eglinton, W. B. Yeats, A.E., W. Larminie, *Literary Ideals of Ireland* (London, 1899), pp. 17-19 (Yeats), pp. 24-25 (Eglinton); John Eglinton, *Pebbles from a Brook* (Kilkenny, 1901),.p. 25; W. B. Yeats, A *Book of Images*

When Moore and Yeats were very close, they collaborated in writing the play, *Diarmuid and Grania,* which is more like Wagner and less like Ibsen than any previous work for the Irish theater. Edward Martyn had led the way with *The Heather Field* and *Maeve* (1899), the latter being a play with Celtic twilight laid on like eye shadow, in which the present-day action recedes into the mythical patterns of Irish antiquity. The first and more successful was more Ibsen-like in theme—turning on the certification of an impractical idealist by the crass practicality of the world and of woman—but more Wagnerian in its references; for early in the action the hero recalls to his young brother their trip on the Rhine and their fanciful thoughts of river nymphs and river gold, and, mad at the end of the play, he exclaims: "Oh, we must go to the Lorlei [*sic*] as last year, where the river is lit by their gold. See, even now the sky is darkening as in that storm scene of the old legend I told you on the Rhine. See, the rain across a saffron sun trembles like gold harp strings, through the purple Irish spring!"[35] The Ludwig II of the Western World goes off the Wagnerian ravings (certainly Martyn is, as the young Joyce observed, "disabled by an incorrigible style"),[36] and the play closes, as does *Das Rheingold,* with music and a rainbow.

*Diarmuid and Grania* was finished in the year after Martyn's plays and was performed in October 1901.[37] Both Moore in *Ave* and Yeats

(London, 1898), pp. 10-12; *Essays* (1924), pp. 229-231, 331; but in the introduction to Pound's translation of *Certain Noble Plays of Japan* (Dundrum, 1916), Yeats appears to be in reaction against Wagnerism in his reference to "bodily distance, mechanism and loud noise" (p. v). Gerald Fay in his study of *The Abbey Theatre* (London, 1958) quotes a letter from Frank Fay to Yeats: "I know what Wagner did and what Antoine has done, but they were both men of irresistible genius and nature had given them the fighting qualities that would enable them to do their work. Besides they lived in countries vastly different from Ireland where the majority are willing slaves. I find myself continually saying 'Oh that the Irish Literary Theatre had built a hall!'" (p. 41). To this Yeats replied (April 21, 1902): "Now as to the future of the National Theatre Company, I read your letters to a wealthy friend who said something like this: 'Work on as best you can for a year, let us say, you should be able to persuade people during that time that you are something of a dramatist and Mr. Fay should be able to have got a little practice for his company. At the year's end do what Wagner did and write a "letter to my Friends" asking for the capital to carry out your idea" (p. 42).

[35] Edward Martyn, *The Heather Field and Maeve* (London, 1899), p. 83.

[36] Ellsworth Mason and Richard Ellmann, edd., *The Critical Writings of James Joyce* (London, 1959), p. 71.

[37] William Becker, ed., "Diarmuid and Grania. A Play in Three Acts," *Dublin Magazine,* XXVI (1951), 1-41. We recall that Ulick Dean's post-Wagnerian opera in *Evelyn Innes* was on this theme. For the play, incidental music was provided by Sir Edward Elgar.

in the *Autobiographies* give accounts of its composition and of the friction attendant on their division of labor—Moore was to supply the dramatic fable and the dialogue, Yeats the final poetic rendering. Yeats writes of Moore:

> He would have been a master of construction, but that his practice as a novelist made him long for descriptions and reminiscences. If *Diarmuid and Grania* failed in performance, and I am not sure that it did, it failed because the second act, instead of moving swiftly from incident to incident, was reminiscent and descriptive; almost a new first act.[38]

The play is full of Wagnerian motifs accommodated to Irish legend. Grania's mother is something of a Norn; Diarmuid has attributes of Siegfried. Grania, to be sure, is no model of constancy, and the final speech by the churl, Conan, ends the play on a quite un-Wagnerian note: "Grania makes great mourning for Diarmuid, but her welcome to Finn shall be greater." There is a point of contact with the Wagnerian heroines nonetheless, which is brought out by the observation that Grania (like Elsa and Elisabeth, like Brünnhilde and Kundry) "was not meant to sit by the fireside with children on her knees. The gods made her womb barren because she was not meant to hold children on her knees. The gods gave her a barren womb, hungry and barren like the sea. She looked from the red apple in her hand to the green apple on the bough." The style, a deliberate and sophisticated attempt to employ incremental repetition of primitive narrative, is Wagnerian in its "endlessness," its progress by repetition and modification of phrase; and this Wagnerian characteristic, seen in the larger elements of construction, may be what Yeats is complaining of. As Joseph Hone remarks of the collaborators, "The one hankered after a Grania of folk and the other imagined a play in the style of *Die Walküre* or *Tristan und Isolde*."[39]

At the time that Moore was concerned with the Irish theater (and inwardly detaching himself from Irish literature and politics), he was

[38] W. B. Yeats, *Autobiographies* (London, 1955), p. 436.

[39] Joseph Hone, *The Life of George Moore* (London, 1936), p. 238. Lennox Robinson similarly observed: "The play is colorful, full of ghosts and hag-ridden people; the last act, painting a wonderful picture of wind and storm, crashing trees, thunder and lightning, reminds one of a Wagnerian opera—Moore's work perhaps?" *Ireland's Abbey Theatre* (London, 1931), p. 21. It was not a success; perhaps it was of this play that Eglinton was thinking when he wrote that "the heroic element seemed a little crestfallen on the Abbey stage, and the Irish heroes, impersonated by actors who had gained their renown in peasant parts, gave one the feeling that they had fallen on very evil times, especially when one thought of their Teutonic composers, moving amid the splendours of Wagnerian orchestration." *Irish Literary Portraits* (London, 1935), p. 30.

also writing two works of fiction set in Ireland; his Wagnerian preoccupation shows in both. *The Untilled Field* does for Ireland what *Dubliners* was to do for the city; one is the periphery, the other the center of paralysis. In it the sound of a shepherd's pipe in the mist is taken as symbolic of Irish soul-sickness and melancholy; and, if one is reminded of the shepherd's mournful tune in the third act of *Tristan,* this is probably not counter to Moore's intention.[40] That was in 1903; in 1905 appeared a novel, *The Lake,* of which the author thought very highly. In it an Irish parish priest, a man of unusual sensitivity as well as force of character, leaves holy orders for the love of a woman whom he had earlier driven out of his parish. His conscience had been disturbed by his own rigorism, and he and Rose Leicester enter into a correspondence in which solicitude ripens into friendship and into love. Rose is musical and goes to Munich for Mozart and to Bayreuth for Wagner. In one of her letters she writes to Father Gogarty (the name though not the character is taken from a young medical man and writer whom Moore knew) about "how the Rhine reminds one of Time. How many thousand years has the Rhine flowed! Just as it flowed the day we were at Bopart it was flowing when Wotan was God, and there were nymphs in the Rhine watching the gold, the innocent gold, that Alberich stole from them and converted into money."[41] And thus a second time Moore makes Wagner the opposite pole to the doctrine and discipline of the Catholic Church.

Each phase of Moore's life and writing is marked by efforts in drama, fiction, and autobiographical rumination. In the last category are his unclouded successes; and his Irish period produced one of the great autobiographies of our literature—*Hail and Farewell.* Naturally, one expects and finds Wagner massively present as a topic and as part of the stuff of experience; but the Wagnerian influence is more pervasive than that. *Hail and Farewell* has a thematic unity no less than the novels—in fact, it makes a fuller and more perceptive exploration of lifelong pre-

[40] *The Untilled Field* (London, 1903), pp. 323, 388-390, 417.

[41] *The Lake* (London, 1905), pp. 147, 173-189. Wagner figures as more than a topic in *The Lake;* in a letter to Lady Cunard (Aug. 1905) Moore says, "It is my landscape book—and some of the landscape is a memory of the forest. 'The forest is like a harp,' the breeze lifts the branches and a bird sings: a touch of art was added to the vague murmur I hear and the Siegfried music was made" (p. 45). And later, in "The Nineness in the Oneness," *Century Magazine,* n. s., LXXVII (1919), 66, he writes: " 'Evelyn Innes' is externally musical as 'Carmen' is externally Spanish; but the writing of 'The Lake' would not be as it is if I had not listened to 'Lohengrin' many times . . . the pages in which the agitated priest wanders about a summer lake recall the silver of the prelude. The sun shining on the mist, a voice . . . heard in vibrant supplication, is the essence of the prelude . . ."

occupation with religious sensuality than any other of Moore's works.

The work is a trilogy introduced by what Moore calls an "overture," a passage of about thirty pages that sets the mood and sounds some of the themes of the book but does not anticipate its action—in short, a Wagnerian prelude analogous to the opening sections of those other Wagnerian works of literature, Proust's *A la recherche du temps perdu* and Thomas Mann's *Joseph* saga.

Thereafter occur some incidental Wagner references, of small moment except to show the interests of Moore's friends and the natural way in which Wagnerian allusions spring to his mind. The middle of the first volume, however, is dominated by an account of a journey to Bayreuth, in the course of which Moore "fell to thinking of the extraordinary joy and interest that Bayreuth had been in my life ever since Edward [Martyn] and I went there for the first time, after hearing a performance of the *Ring* in London. It had been the horns announcing the Rhine that re-awakened my musical conscience."[42] They make their pilgrimage and are received graciously by Cosima and Siegfried. Was Bayreuth worth the journey? "The answer made to this—and it was a woman who made it—was that the journey would be more real in six months time than it was today, and picking up the thought, I answered quickly: So you think that we live not so much for the moment as for the sake of the memory of it"[43] This Proustian comment, seemingly so casual, indicates perhaps that Moore (like Arthur Symons) has surmounted one of the first obstacles to the comprehension of Wagner and has seen that the extended passages of reminiscence in the *Ring* are not excrescences or *longueurs* but essential reinterpretations of experience.

Moore traveled to hear *Parsifal* in the company of Parsifal. We recall from *Evelyn Innes* the outspoken attack on that one of all Wagner's dramas by Ulick Dean, a character modeled in the first edition on Yeats, in the second on A.E., but a spokesman on musical matters, one would surmise, for Moore himself. That is the only Wagnerian opinion in the novel that could not have been derived from Edward Martyn.[44] Here again in *Hail and Farewell, Parsifal* is found not to be personally appealing. But Edward Martyn, who by a miracle of playful affection on Moore's part becomes more and more personally appealing as the

[42] *'Hail and Farewell!' Ave* (London, 1947), pp. 126-169, especially 151.

[43] *Ibid.*, p. 165.

[44] *'Hail and Farewell!' Salve* (London, 1947), p. 94. Martyn wrote an article on "Wagner's Parsifal, or the Cult of Liturgical Aestheticism," in the *Irish Review*, III (1913), 535-340.

book progresses, is presented throughout as a Parsifal, a pure fool, a gooseless gander.

Both sides of Martyn's nature—the downright peasant stock of his mother and the Martyns, "the Parsifal side," with their ancient tradition of religious chivalry—seemed to destine Edward for the priesthood. Instead, after leaving Oxford, he devoted his time, fortune, and talents to Wagner, to the reform of church music, and to the Irish cause in literature and in politics. He remained devout all his life but was as obstinate as his mother, and resolutely set his face against both marriage and holy orders. Martyn had already provided Moore with the recurring character John Norden in some earlier works, but Norden is a mere stick of a celibate and remains dead on the page. In *Hail and Farewell* Martyn comes alive under his own name in all his pure foolishness. Like many confessions of love, this can be—has been—mistaken for its opposite.

When Edward lived in Ely Place, Moore used to whistle a motif from the *Ring* to summon him; and, if Edward in his limitations is associated with *Parsifal,* a work that must be borne for Wagner's sake, Moore comes increasingly to associate himself with the true and essential Wagner, the Wagner of *Siegfried*—for we learn in the third part that the password motif is Siegfried's. What this means in the design of the whole trilogy is disclosed near the end, when Moore, having given an account first of his political conversion to the Irish cause and then of his rejection of Irish Cathlocism, speaks out with full orchestration:

> Ireland has lain too long under the spell of the magicians, without will, without intellect, useless and shameful, the despised of nations. I have come into the most impersonal country in the world to preach personality—personal love and personal religion, personal art, personality for all except God; and I walked across the greensward afraid to leave the garden, and to heighten my inspiration I looked toward the old apple-tree, remembernig that many had striven to draw forth the sword that Wotan had struck into the tree about which Hunding had built his hut. Parnell, like Sigmund, had drawn it forth, but Wotan had allowed Hunding to strike him with his spear. And the allegory becoming clearer I asked myself if I were Siegfried, son of Sigmund slain by Hunding, and if it were not my fate to reforge the sword that lay broken in halves in Mimi's cave. It seemed to me that the garden filled with tremendous music, out of which came a phrase glittering like a sword suddenly drawn from its sheath and raised defiantly to the sun.[45]

And black and bold on the page the sword motif appears. "Non ser-

[45] *'Hail and Farewell!' Vale* (London, 1947), p. 209. The importance of this passage as the culminating statement of a leading theme in the trilogy is pointed out by Wayne Shumaker, *English Autobiography* (Berkeley, 1954), p. 207, and by Herbert Howarth, *The Irish Writers,* (London, 1958), pp. 67-68.

viam!" we hear Stephen Dedalus echo, and "Nothung!" as in the smithy of the soul he labors to forge the uncreated conscience of the most belated race in Europe.

"I hear it has to be played on the piano," Oscar Wilde said about some novel of Moore's. As early as the *Confessions of a Young Man* Moore had thought that, just as opera should be endless melody, so the novel should be unbroken narrative;[46] and later, on reading the first novel of "interior monologue" by his friend Dujardin, he saw in it "the daily life of the soul revealed for the first time; a kind of symphony in full stops and commas"[47]—held together, he might have added if he had been capable of observing it at the time, by recurring phrases employed as motifs.

Unlike Joyce, Moore never followed Dujardin in a rigorous "stream of consciousness" technique. To be sure, the story, "Mildred Lawson," opens with a sort of free reverie before moving into the point-of-view technique. Mildred is a low-pulsed Emma Bovary, a more truly ladylike Gerty McDowell. But Moore has no real interest in imitating the process of thought; and the experience of the characters of whom he writes may be disconnected and exterior so long as the melody of his narrative is unbroken. All his later works of fiction are exercises in this one effect, which he believed to be the effect of Wagnerian music drama. He speaks of listening to music and

> thinking how a story might be woven from start to finish out of one set of ideas, each chapter rising out of the preceding chapter in suspended cadence always, never a full close; and as an example of the kind of book that comes out of such ideas as these, I will name "The Brook Kerith," for the story begins like a brook; the old woman telling stories to her grandchild may be compared to the "Fanfare of the Rhine," and the brook widens out as it flows, a smooth current, not very rapid, but flownig always, turning sometimes east, sometimes west, winding, disappearing at last mysteriously like a river.[48]

The analogy of Moore's late style with Wagner deserves critical analysis.[49] *Peronnik the Fool* will be appropriate here. It is concise; it

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[46] *Confessions of a Young Man*, 2nd ed. (1888), pp. 270-271, quoted above, and note 22.

[47] *Letters to Dujardin*, p. 20. See also C. D. King, "Edouard Dujardin, Inner Monologue and the Stream of Consciousness," *French Studies*, VII (1953), 116-128; and Ruth Zabriskie Temple, *The Critic's Alchemy* (New York, 1953), p. 232.

[48] "The Nineness in the Oneness," *Century Magazine*, n.s., LXXVII (1919), 65-66. Héloïse, reading Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, "fell to admiring the strenuous narrative flowing on without a break." *Héloïse and Abelard* (London, 1952), pp. 321-322.

[49] Humbert Wolfe finds Moore "anticipating not only Proust but James Joyce," but "can't understand how he could ever have been captured by Wagner." *George Moore* (London, 1931), pp. 1; 37. Charles Morgan's *Epitaph on George*

is a treatment of the Parsifal legend, Moore's last return to Wagnerian theme. The story of Peronnik (the name itself is one of the many variants of Parsifal) is presented as if recalled and written down by Héloïse in her convent library. The method of narration, insinuating, rapid, and without seam, is early established, as in this paragraph:

> Her pen kept pace with her memories of Peronnik—how he had wandered out of the forest and had forgotten everything except the forest, whither it was still his wont to return (compelled, maybe, by some homesickness), sometimes staying away for three or four days, setting the folk talking, asking each other if they had lost their Peronnik for ever. She had heard that he once stayed away so long that the folk had gone forth to seek him, getting tidings of him as they passed through the fringes of the forest. He passed us by at daybreak, singing like a lark in the morning, the woodmen cried; and these tidings were enough for the searchers, who turned back, saying, We shall find him begging his breakfast from somebody, and from us he'll get the thrashing he deserves for having put us to such pains. Why, there he is! cried one, in the doorway of Farmer Leroux's house. Whereupon they stood waiting, fidgeting at their sticks, whilst Peronnik enjoyed such cheer as he could get out of a wooden bowl that all the spoons of the house had already been over. As he scraped and picked the clotted meat from the sides he talked so pleasantly, flattering the good wife so well that she bethought herself of some crusts in her cupboard and returned with her hands full, throwing them one by one into the bowl, for which Peronnik was thankful, gobbling them up with such good appetite that a knight in armour riding by could not do else than rein in his horse to watch him.[50]

It is an individual style, and, sustained throughout an entire book, it does give an impression of continuity if not identical with, at least analogous to Wagner. But what in Wagner is unbroken is the flow of feeling, the never-ending, never-succeeding, never-despairing effort of the orchestra to become articulate or to render articulation superfluous. Moore has no "orchestra"—no feminine, passionate, unconscious line running parallel to the masculine, intellectual, and conscious, nothing of what Yeats calls "emotion of multitude"; and so the analogy is not perfect between unbroken narrative and endless melody. What he does attempt to do, like Mallarmé, is to recapture for literature alone certain qualities of art realized for the first time by Wagner in terms of his composite art, specifically, he attempts to fuse dialogue, description, and narrative as Wagner had fused aria, recitative, and orchestra, in the interest of a unified effect. In Moore this effect is curiously level, quiet,

*Moore* (New York, 1935), pp. 52-53, analyzes the style without reference to Wagner. Malcolm Brown, in *George Moore: A Reconsideration* (p. 182), considers the "problem of adapting Wagner's form to narrative" and observes Moore's use of "echoes, transformations, modulations, never a full close, always a suspended cadence."

[50] *Perronik the Fool* (London, 1933), p. 6.

and monochromatic. This may be so because he was an old man by the time he arrived at his late style. It may also be so because the word cannot (at least in narrative prose—dramatic poetry is another matter) carry the flow of passion as well as the word and music together, as Wagner argued; and, when the word is denied the effects of abruptness and surprise, of discontinuity, one of its chief resources of "musical" appeal is dissipated. The subservience of Debussy to the word led to a similar monotony in *Pélleas et Mélisande.*

Moore's first passion was for painting, his second for literature, his third for music. When Edward Martyn introduced him to Wagner —the sound and presence, not just the literary idea—

> the fanfare of the Rhine told me something undreamed of had come into my life, and I listened as a child listens, understanding nothing, for my poor ears could not follow the intricate weaving and interweaving; my reason tottered like one in a virgin forest, for there seemed to be no path to even a partial understanding of this fulgurent orchestra, predicting at every moment wars and rumors of wars, giants against gods.[51]

Deep as the experience was, it had come too late to penetrate fully into Moore's literary imagination, and only very seldom do we have Wagnerian strong effects. But that is not to discount the importance of the countless small allusions to Wagner and Wagnerian themes and the lifelong effort to obtain in narrative the equivalent of endless melody. "It cannot but be interesting to hear a man tell the story of a great delight, how it come into his life suddenly, and lasted for many years, becoming, without his being aware of the change, a memory sad and sweet, the *lachrymae rerum* of Virgil. The sight of a piano must cause Paderewski to sigh inwardly, and the word Bayreuth comes upon me now like the scent of lavender from an old chest."[52]

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[51] "The Nineness in the Oneness," p. 65.
[52] *Ibid.*, pp. 64-65.

ZBIGNIEW FOLEJEWSKI

# Socialist Realism in Polish Literature And Criticism

IN THE PERIOD between the wars the Polish scholar, Karol W. Zawodziński, suggested in his essay, "Die zeitgenossiche Literatur Polens" (*Slavische Rundschau*, V, 1933, 230-242), a principle of periodization by decades for Polish literature after 1918. In his opinion, the first decade, 1918-1928, is characterized by the primacy of poetry, especially the poetry of the "Skamander" group. In the following decade the emphasis shifted to prose. Several writers attempted to assess the most vital problems that were changing the face of their society and of the outside world, either affirmatively—J. Kaden-Bandrowski's cycle, *Black Wings* (Czarne skrzydla)—or skeptically—K. H. Rostworowski's dramatic trilogy, *Surprise* (Niespodzianka), *Moving* (Przeprowadzka), *At the Goal* (U mety)—or, finally, in a less engaged form of "family chronicle"—M. Dabrowska's *Nights and Days* (Noce i dni).

It seems possible to apply a similar formula to Polish literature after World War II, using five-year periods instead of decades. The first five-year period is one of rather chaotic transition, a period dominated by poetry expressing the hopes and frustrations of a nation which suddenly found itself in new political forms without quite knowing what was going on. Consequently, there was no close relationship at first between literature and the official program. An atmosphere of relative freedom prevailed, due partly to the absence of clear directives but principally to the lack of writers able and willing to fulfill a "social

assignment." Socialist realism was little known and discussed scarcely at all.[1]

The majority of works published in the first postwar years had been written during the war. Some writers, indeed, tried to catch up with postwar political developments; but their attempts were limited mostly to a critique of prewar reality and, consequently, were a continuation of the trend of "critical realism" rather than manifestations of "socialist realism."

The most interesting works of this period are volumes of poetry by C. Milosz, *Rescue* (Ocalenie) (Warsaw, 1946), M. Jastrun, *Selected Poetry* (Poezje wybrane) (Warsaw, 1947), J. Przyboś, *Selected Poetry* (Poezje wybrane) (Warsaw, 1948), and A. Ważyk, *New Selected Poetry* (Nowy wybór wierszy) (Warsaw, 1950). The prose works which show the first attempts at ideological compromise are *The Medallions* (Medaliony) (Warsaw, 1958) by Z. Nałkowska, *The Walls of Jericho* (Mury Jerycha) (Warsaw, 1949) by T. Breza, *The Ashes and the Diamond* (Popiół i diament) (Warsaw, 1949) by J. Andrzejewski, and *The Reality* (Rzeczywistość) (Warsaw, 1947) by J. Putrament. These works illustrate the crystallization of the new trends; they are not all meritorious from the literary point of view. The experienced prewar writers, Nałkowska and Andrzejewski, are far superior to the younger ones.

In the criticism of this period there are attempts to bridge the gap between Polish literary practice and the requirements of the Marxist criticism of Soviet Russia. Marxist criteria had to be worked out and adapted to the specific conditions of Polish literary life. There were few critics acquainted with Marxist literary methods, and they did not have immediate effect on Polish literature. The most active group in this respect was the group called Kuźnica (Smithy). Although in practice the program of Kuźnica was too often limited to rephrasing basic Soviet slogans, nevertheless its activity was an important factor in promoting socialist realism in Polish literature.

By the turn of the first five-year period, the adherents of government-controlled art had greatly outmaneuvered the opposition. "Socialist orientation" in literature in accord with the doctrine of socialist realism was at first only "recommended," in 1949 at the meeting of the Polish

[1] On the whole, interest in older works of established reputation exceeded by far the interest in contemporary production during this period. Classics (Sienkiewicz, Prus, Kraszewski) were published in prodigious quantities, often by still existing private publishing houses. Interesting statistics on this point can be found in A. Bromberg, *Books and Publishers* (Książki i wydawcy) (Warsaw, 1954).

Writers' Union in Szczecin; but it was officially prescribed at the meeting in Warsaw in 1950.

The foremost propagators of socially and socialistically oriented literature were such scholars, critics, and writers as Stefan Zółkiewski, Zygmunt Mańkiewicz, and Władysław Bieńowski. The literature of the second period is characterized by an increasing uniformity. The principles of socialist realism were followed in a way which soon became stereotyped.

In practice, "socialist orientation" amounted to no more than the presentation of certain "proper" facts of the social reality in such a way as to give an impression of dynamism and optimism. We observe that this stereotype applied even in the works of the most independent writers, even though it was mitigated by successful efforts to preserve individual human values. A volume of stories by Maria Dabrowska entitled *Morning Star* (Gwiazda zaranna) (Warsaw, 1955), though strongly emphasizing the imponderables of individual human life and love, shows certain concessions to the requirements of a "socially constructive" message in literature. An especially good example of this compromise is the story of the "superfluous man," Felix Lohojski, "The Third Autumn" (Trzecia jesień). Lohojski is an individualist who stays outside the collective, outside organized social activity, but works for the same human ideals that are proclaimed in the new ideology. In the end he wins. But his victory can be interpreted as a tribute to the socialist system which finally recognized the merits of this "crazy" idealist. Dabrowska's device here is of somewhat doubtful artistic and even ideological strength; but it is perhaps the only workable one under the circumstances which does not compromise the author's position of independence and moral authority.

In some genres—e.g., the historical novel—regimentation is harder to enforce and consequently, despite official warnings against "biological patriotism," several authors found in this genre an outlet for their creative impulse uninhibited by restrictions designed for works on contemporary themes. The most important works of historical fiction (all concerning the Middle Ages) are: J. Grabski's *Viking Trilogy, The Saga of Jarl Bronisz* (Saga o Jarlu Broniszu) (Poznań, 1946), A. Golubiew's *Boleslaw the Brave* (Bolesław Chrobry) (Warsaw, 1947) and H. Malewska's *Thus Passes the Shape of the World* (Przemija postać świata) (Warsaw, 1954). Complete independence and purely artistic fulfillment can be observed in the essays and stories on classical themes by Jan Parandowski,[2] one of the greatest literary

[2] *Pisma Wybrane* (Selected Works) (Warsaw, 1955).

masters in contemporary Poland. In poetry, too, works by writers such as A. Rymkiewicz,[3] and J. Zagórski,[4] exhibit no traces of artistic compromise.

Although these examples demonstrate noncomformity, the majority of works published at the time show a high degree of adaptation to the doctrine of socialist realism.

*Troy, the Open City* (Troja, maisto otwarte) (Warsaw, 1949) by K. Brandys, *Citizens* (Obywatele) (Warsaw, 1954) by the same author, *Souvenir from Celulose* (Pamiatka z Celulozy) (Warsaw, 1952) by I. Newerly, and a great number of other novels and short stories illustrate the prescribed "road of Polish literature to socialism." The stream of traditional realism still flows quite freely in vivid though at times excessively critical descriptions of the past; but, as for the achievements of socialist realism, the prescribed social enthusiasm easily degenerates into empty oratory, divorced from any functional role in a work of art.

Such was, in a nutshell, the situation of Polish literature during the second five-year period after the war. In comparison with the first period, which was a preamble, the period established the doctrine of socialist realism and, at the same time, brought serious difficulties to the literary pundits involved in regulating Poland's cultural life. Few works published during this period can be regarded as great works of art. There were attempts at the collectivization novel, e.g., W. Mach's *The Plane-Tree House,* (Jaworowy dom) (Warsaw, 1954) and the "production" novel, e.g., A. Scibor-Rylski's *Coal* (Wegiel) (Warsaw 1954); there were attempts at fulfilling such slogans as "Go to the factories," "Go to the slums." All these attempts, however, proved to be either a continuation of prewar proletarian literature (but without its sincere individual pathos) or an echo of Soviet works.

After October 1956 some critics maintained that there had actually never been any official literary policy in Poland responsible for the now-admitted "schematization." In his article, "A Sad Child, or Contemporary Literature" (*Nowa Kultura,* No. 15, 1956), A. Kijowski gave the following somewhat pathetic rationalization of the issue:

> The stiff canons of the so-called soc-realism were born in the course of literary practice; they were an unexpected product, a consequence which was *frightening* [italics mine] to both the writers and the politicians. It was a kind of collective hypnosis ... Something was in the air, a fever, a toxin, which in theory nobody submitted to since everybody knew it was bad, but which, in practice, overpowered

[3] *Poezje* (Poetry) (Warsaw, 1950).
[4] *Wiersze wybrane* (Selected Poems), Warsaw, 1951.

all. *They* order us to write bad books—cried the authors. *They* write badly all the time—cried the judges.

This interpretation seems a little too convenient, too accommodating. It is known from various speeches at the meetings of the Union of Polish Writers that, after all, the "stiff canons of socialist realism" did not come by themselves out of the thin air; it took a good deal of persuasion and education, and the official organs of literary criticism seldom concealed the official source of inspiration. Kijowski himself claimed elsewhere (*Twórezość*, No. 7, 1958, p. 158) that these literary organs played a much more important role in Poland than the original writings of poets and novelists.

The frightening dilemma of Polish writers referred to in Kijowski's article was not an isolated phenomenon. Literary discussion in Soviet Russia in the years 1954-56 disclosed an almost identical situation in Russian literature. Symptomatic in both literatures is the fact that, although there were many complaints about "schematism," "vulgar didacticism," "varnish," and "stiffness" of official canons, no one attacked the doctrine of socialist realism itself. The remedy was seen only in more convincing artistic application of the doctrine; but the concept of socialist realism itself could not be questioned, since this would strike at the political doctrine itself.[5]

There is no doubt that the resistance of Polish literature to the controls of socialist realism was stronger than in any other country in the Soviet bloc. Even before October 1956, in the period (1950-55) when socialist realism was officially proclaimed by the Union of Polish Writers, there were voices of opposition; Soviet and Czech critics frequently scolded their Polish colleagues for their erroneous approach to the canons (cf. *Literaturnaia Gazeta*, September 20, 1956; *Inostran-*

[5] H. Markiewicz, *Literary Criticism in Battle Against Socialist Realism* (Krytyka literacka w walce z realizmem socjalistycznym) (Warsaw, 1956). The Soviet critic V. Dneprov in his article, "In Defense of the Aesthetics of Realism" (*Soviet Literature*, No. 1, 1958), refers to a number of Polish views in support of his thesis. He quotes, for example, an article by Z. Fedecki, "A Few Facts and Truisms" (Nieco faktów i truizmów), *Twórczość*, No. 11, 1956, where the Polish critic admitted certain weaknesses of socialist realism during the so-called Stalin period but maintained that its theoretical foundations were sound. A similar attitude was taken by J. Siekierska in her article, "About Socialist Realism and in Defense of Gorkii" (O socrealizmie i w obron e Gorkiego), *Nowa Kultura*, No. 44, 1956. However, since Siekierska was more inclined to subscribe to the view of Western critics that Soviet literature had declined after the official introduction of socialist realism, she was denounced, together with several other Polish critics in the editorial article, "Against Bourgeois and Revisionistic Theories in Literary Scholarship," in *Voprosy Literatury*, No. 8, 1958.

*naia Literatura,* September 1956; or the Czech *Literárni Noviny,* September 1956). Through the Polish questionnaire, "Writers View the 10-Year Period of of Polish Literature," arranged by the weekly *Nowa Kultura* in 1955, voices were raised which, to be sure, did not directly criticize socialist realism but which, nevertheless—and often with sharp irony—analyzed its literary results. The sharpest criticism was voiced by J. Kott, *Nowa Kultura,* No. 10, 1955.

The period immediately after October 1956 brought a wave of far-reaching changes in the controls over literature. Most important of all is the greater freedom to publish creative works. In this reaction there developed, especially in younger literary circles, even an exaggerated enthusiasm for such Western trends as existentialism. Translations from modern foreign literatures and employment of various modern methods both in creative writing (especially in poetry) and in literary criticism (from Freudian to structural) are quite common today.

Among the more sensational examples of literature not bound by the dictates of socialist realism were the stories by the young writer, Marek Hłasko. His short story, "The Eighth Day of the Week" (Ósmy dzień tygodnia), published in the November 1956 issue of the monthly *Twórczość,* reached international fame. Hlasko had already caused much trouble for the critics, who did not know whether to praise or condemn his unruly, nonchalant, but genuine talent as demonstrated in his first collection. *A First Step in the Clouds* (Pierwszy krok w chmurach) (Warsaw, 1955). "The Eighth Day o fthe Week" differs from Hłasko's earlier stories in that problems of individual human frustration are brutally and mercilessly highlighted by background megaphones voicing official slogans. As a literary device this contrast of human reality with official program is nothing new, but it is of interest here as a complete inversion of patterns prescribed by socialist realism.

The entire period after 1956 cannot yet be fully evaluated. Nevertheless, certain generalizations may be attempted. In recent Polish criticism, the period before 1956 is sometimes referred to as the period of "naive" approach to socialist realism (schematism, vulgarism, didacticism, and other -isms), and the period after 1956 characterized as the period of "skepticism" in regard to the official literary slogans. These terms are quite convenient for both internal and external use, and even such ardent champions of socialist realism as A. Kijowski use them in discussing problems like "crisis of plot," the need of a new hero, etc. In his article "Who Will Be the Hero?" (Kto bohaterem?, *Nowa Kultura,* No. 2, 1956), Kijowski ponders the question whether

the contemporary hero in Polish literature should be an unusual individual pretending to be an average man, or whether he should really be an average man who rises to an important role in his society.

But all this theoretical discussion does not seem to find much application in literary practice, where as a rule socialist-realist heroes are orators rationalizing every event with great sophistication even when they are only kolkhoz workers.

An extremely difficult problem is posed by the works of authors who try to evade direct political engagement by resorting to metaphorical devices. Here, too, ideology may constitute the main structural element, but the interpretation of this or that hero or of this or that event is left to the readers' intuition. A master of his device in poetry was K. I. Gałczyński; in playwriting, an interesting case is presented by the works of A. M. Swinarski.[6] Occasionally, works of this type are still more complicated by double allegory, which opens the way to completely contradictory interpretations; certain stories by Jerzy Andrzejewski, e.g., his *Golden Fox* (Złoty lis) (Warsaw, 1955), are good examples of this literary procedure.

In literary criticism there have been attempts to overcome these difficulties by concentrating on technical analysis rather than on direct ideological interpretation. Interesting methodological entanglements arise in the writings of ambitious critics when they try to uncover the ideological "essence" of a work by strictly stylistic analysis. For example, in A. Sandauer's book, *My Deviations* (Moje odchylenia) (Warsaw, 1956), this *enfant terrible* of Polish literary criticism seems to emulate the so-called LEF group of a previous literary generation in Soviet Russia, which tried to penetrate into the true quality of an author as revealed by his stylistic predilections.[7]

As I have mentioned, there is no doubt that organs of literary crit-

[6] See, for example, his *Trojan Trilogy* (Trylogia Trojańska) (Warsaw, 1955). It may be of interest to illustrate the difficulties this kind of literature causes the critics by quoting T. Drewnowski's interpretation in the *Literary Yearbook* (Rocznik Literacki) for 1955 of Andrzejewski's *Golden Fox*. Revising his earlier adverse opinion of this work, Drewnowski ascribes his "mistaken" interpretation to accidental similarities between Andrzejewski's story and "attacks of hostile literature" current at the time. However, Drewnowski adds a rather sophisticated explanation that, "if two people with opposite views say the same thing, it does not necessarily mean that they are both wrong" (p. 120).

[7] Sandauer's recent book, *Without Cut-Rates* (Bez taryfy ulgowej) (Warsaw 1959) contains interesting remarks on technical and ideological compromises resulting from demands of socialist realism. But Sandauer rightly points out that the formula of "cut-rates can work both ways." It is tempting, he says, to hail works as artistic achievements whose only claim to this ttile is that they do not follow the school of socialist realism.

icism like *Nowa Kultura, Życie Literackie,* or Twórczość are influential in formulating literary opinions. It is not unknown in Poland for authors to obtain ideological approval in advance from these periodicals. Although the relationship between the literary organs and the political authorities is not a direct administrative dependence, nevertheless a system of control is exercised through a special Office of Press Control, and its effective functioning is sometimes reflected in sudden personnel changes among editors of key periodicals.

It is common knowledge that writers and critics in Poland even before October 1956 were more resistant to socialist realism than their colleagues in other Slavic countries. But it was only after 1956 that the very principles of this doctrine came under more open discussion. One of the most vigorous attempts at open discussions is the article by K. Toeplitz, "Prophets' Catastrophe" (Katastrofa proroków), *Nowa Kultura,* Nos. 38, 39, 1956. Topelitz agrees with Western critics that strict political controls lead to the inevitable decline of literature; he even compares socialist realism in Soviet Russia with "Zhdanov's club aimed at killing art." He characterizes the situation in Poland in an ironical paraphrase of the official enunciations: (1) Socialist realism won the fight completely. (2) But Polish writers do not seem to know what socialist realism is and what is expected of them.

No full-length and thorough analysis of socialist realism has so far appeared in Poland, but interesting and occasionally fundamental discussions are going on. Poland's unique situation during the years after 1956 makes it an excellent testing ground.

## Postscript

Since this article was written, in the summer of 1959, the literary climate in Poland has become more frigid. Numerous official declarations again proclaim socialist realism as the only program Polish literature should follow. Perhaps the most illuminating reassessment of the literary situation in this respect is a series of articles by Stefan Zółkiewski on the occasion of the meeting of the Union of Polish Writers in Warsaw in December 1959 ("Intellectual Adventure or Ideological Struggle?" *Nowa Kultura,* No. 49; "An Attempt at a More Proper Judgment,' *ibid.* No. 50; "The Last Three Years," *ibid.* No. 51-52. Zółkiewski, who has been instrumental in promoting the principles of socialist realism in Poland, discusses recent Polish literary developments with partisan polemic fervor but still with serious and erudite argumentation. He acknowledges the drawbacks of strict control, but

deplores the tendency to ascribe all failures to the dictates of socialist realism. Zółkiewski ironically points out that he seems to have been completely isolated in his faith in socialist realism: "These things were said by people who danced at the same ball with everybody else, but three years later it appeared that nobody had attended the ball, as if the literary orchestra had played to an empty floor" (*Nowa Kult.* No. 11-12, 1959).

Zółkiewski is more elastic than Soviet critics in his approach to the poetics of socialist realism, alludes to possibilities of compromise between socialist realism and other literary schools. Perhaps Zółkiewski's most unorthodox pronouncement is his recent statement that he does not exclude ("theoretically," to be sure) "the possibility of socialist realism being completely overcome and replaced by a new literary school..." ("Na przykładzie literatury socjalistycznej," *Nowa Kultura,* No. 11, 1960).

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# BOOK REVIEWS

MENSCHHEITSDÄMMERUNG, EIN DOKUMENT DES EXPRESSIONISMUS. Neu herausgegeben von Kurt Pinthus. Hamburg: Rowohlt Verlag, 1959, 1960. 382 p.

Our century, Heaven knows, has been a time of anthologies, loud manifestoes, self-styled "movements," and criss-cross "currents" by the hundred—a phenomenon of literary collectivism not unrelated to the physiognomy of mass politics, and probably best understood as an attempt to escape from rootless individualism. It becomes hard for the observer to achieve an intelligible image of our time in terms of these labels. But Kurt Pinthus' anthology of expressionist poetry made history, and its present edition, forty years after its original appearance in war-torn Germany, has a strong claim to our attention, perhaps stronger than Gottfried Benn's rival anthology of only four years ago.

Even if no collective designation in the arts can have more than a problematic value, the mere word "Expressionism" evokes too much to be skeptically dismissed. It is a guidepost to some of the most revolutionary poetry, fiction, drama, music, and painting that modern Europe has produced. Benn, Trakl, Werfel, Toller, Kaiser, Wedekind, Brecht, Schoenberg, Webern, Berg, Nolde Kokoschka—these are names not to be ignored in cultivated society, not to mention less publicized names. Besides, as Kurt Pinthus points out with the authority of the historian directly involved in the *res gestae* under consideration, the many writers who convened in the pages of his anthology, and the many more who did not, were conscious of forming a dedicated community; and, whether or not it actually covered the wide rage of individual differences, the term "expressionism" served to indicate a climate of sensibility within which they all felt they could operate. In his famous foreword to the original edition, Pinthus said that the sampled poetry should be read "symphonically," as a choral testimonial; and, even if this emphasis on *Zeitgeist* may sound heretical to the contemporary critic who is ultimately concerned with the individual achievement of each poet, these German voices can also be profitably heard as a chorus.

The biographical notices Pinthus has added to the new edition, along with his 1959 preface, written in New York, help us to establish perspective. Kurt Pinthus had to leave his native country in the 1930s to escape Nazi persecution and has been teaching at Columbia University for the past two decades; he is one of the last survivors of the group, and as such he speaks up for his brethren as forcefully as he can, to rescue them all from the injustice of oblivion. Twenty-three voices, most of them disembodied by now, still talk to us above or through the din of destruction that swept Europe twice in a quarter of a century. As the reminiscing editor informs us of their diverse destinies, we span the apocalyptic interval of time, we see Georg Heym dying on the eve of the First World War he had prophesied, we hear Ernst Stadler exchanging messages with Péguy across enemy trenches before being mown down, we get lost in the Russian steppe looking for the unmarked grave of August Stramm, we are with Georg Trakl at Grodek, protesting against cruelty with the ultimate weapon of suicide.

Pinthus defends the expressionists as a whole from the imputation of literary nihilism which has recently been raised against their poetry; but this defense is unnecessary. The point is that many of them sensed, prophetically or diagnostically, the threat of annihilation which smoldered in the riven heart of Germany, waiting to engulf Europe; and they expressed it in their verse, unheeded Capitol geese that they were. Some of them, like Gottfried Benn, went to the point of identifying themselves with the nihilistic impulse they apprehended; but the poetry that arose from it was often genuine, a terrifying mirror, a radioactive form. When we read a poem like Heym's "Savonarola" (not included in this anthology) we respond both to the strength of its formal achievement and to the uncanny prophecy. Heym's Savonarola becomes a prefiguration of Hitler. The question remains whether these and other expressionists dreaded or loved nothingness. If they loved it, they were involved with the nihilistic forces that finally exploded as Nazism, but this does not compromise the value of their poetry, where it is realized. We might as well reject Baudelaire for his attraction to "le néant," for his prayer to Satan. And, anyway, a destructive element enters any revolutionary attitude; by revolting against the academic, complacent, oppressive traditionalism they found around them, the expressionists hoped to usher in a new dawn of humanity (Menschheitsdämmerung) to succeed the "twilight of the gods" (Götterdämmerung). Pinthus lays his flank bare to serious criticism when he maintains that the choatic aspects of expressionist poetry are validated by the chaos of our time. This has been a frequent sophism in modern militant criticism, and should be superseded by the realization that chaos expressed is chaos dominated. It is true that the particular upheavals of the age have affected the configuration of all the arts, but it is also true that any valid effort achieves a form of its own. Ernst Stadler's antiformalist manifesto-poem, "Form ist Wollust," cannot be accepted as an aesthetic statement unless we qualify the word "form" in it to mean "static, stiffened, external pattern":

> "Form und Riegel mußten erst zerspringen,
> Welt durch aufgeschlossne Röhren dringen:
> Form ist Wollust, Friede, himmlisches Genügen,
> Doch mich reißt es, Ackerschollen umzupflügen.
> Form will mich verschnüren und verengen,
> Doch ich will mein Sein in alle Weiten drängen—
> Form ist klare Härte ohn' Erbarmen,
> Doch mich treibt es zu den Dumpfen, zu den Armen,
> Und in grenzenlosen Michverschenken
> Will mich Leben mit Erfüllung tränken."

Another way to look at this dramatization of the revolutionary attitude is to recognize it as a self-assertion of the Dionysian against the Apollonian principle, unleashed energy against self-limiting objectivity, becoming against being; and this is typical of German Sturm und Drang, which in its exasperated expressionist version rose to the pitch of Sturz und Schrei. Yet it will be noticed that the poem makes its plea for unbounded expansion in strict meter; "form" is, then, affirmed in the very act of being attacked. Stadler's poetry, strongly influenced by Whitman, is generally couched in longer, looser rhythms. But Georg Heym's nightmare visions of the industrial metropolis ("Die Dämonen der Städte"), directly indebted to Baudelaire, derive their strength from the inner pressure of what Schneider

has called the "demonizing metaphor" surging against the dykes of classical meter, and regular rhythm is what holds together the eccentric pulls of Gottfried Benn's later disjointed world—while the unjustly forgotten Paul Zech heightens his visionary power by compressing it within Apollonian perfection. Concentration, then, not unrestrained effusion, marks his poetry, whether it proclaims the opaque sterility of the industrial wasteland ("Fabrikstraße Tags," "Sortiermädchen," "Fräser") or the liberating grace of vegetal existence ("Der Wald") and of heavenly mother nature:

"Am Abend stehn die Dinge nicht mehr blind
und mauerhart in dem Vorüberspülen
gehetzter Stunden; Wind bringt von den Mühlen
gekühlten Tau und geisterhaftes Blau.

Die Häuser haben Augen aufgetan,
Stern unter Sternen ist die Erde wieder,
die Brücken tauchen in das Flußbett nieder
und schwimmen in der Tiefe Kahn an Kahn.

Gestalten wachsen groß aus jedem Strauch,
die Wipfel wehen fort wie träger Rauch
und Täler werfen Berge ab, die lange drückten.

Die Menschen aber staunen mit entrückten
Gesichtern in der Sterne Silberschwall
und sind wie Früchte reif und süß zum Fall."

This magical if irregular sonnet compares with the best of Rilke, and is only one of the several discoveries that reward the attentive reader of Pinthus' anthology.

Pinthus rightly said that nonlogical development of images characterizes much expressionist poetry, and on this ground his contention that expressionism paralleled or anticipated the most striking experiments in modern poetry outside Germany seems justified. Yet he insists too much on the claim of chronological priorities for the work of his group. This fault is compensated by his vindication of the European, rather than narrowly German, traits of the "movement," and his mention of leading English, French, Russian, Spanish, Italian, and American poets as comparable to the best of his fellow expressionists recommends the book to anyone who refuses to think of modern art in provincial terms.

It seems to me, for instance, that an extreme experimenter like August Stramm was doing, within his own tradition, something analogous in many respects to what Ungaretti did, not to mention the best of E. E. Cummings. More precisely, Stramm endeavored to endow poetic utterance with a breathless wonder, or with the immediacy of a radically recast language. Here is a memorable example:

"Durch *schmiege* Nacht
Schweigt unser Schritt dahin
Die Hände bangen blaß um *krampfes* Grauen
Der Schein sticht scharf in Schatten unser Haupt
In Schatten
Uns!

Hoch *flimmt* der Stern
Die Pappel hängt herauf
Und
Hebt die Erde nach
Die *schlafe* Erde *armt* den nackten Himmel
Du schaust und schauerst
Deine Lippen dünsten
Der Himmel küßt
Und
Uns gebärt der Kuß!"

This is a masterpiece of its kind, a thing of sighs and whispers. In the first line, night is called "schmiege," a modifier coined by Stramm from the verb "schmiegen" (to lean) to suggest docility, softness, pliability; then we have a "stride" which is *actively* silent, for it radiates silence as a mode of action; and a star drawing up a poplar and the earth in its flight; and the "schlafe" (sleepy) earth embracing the naked sky; and a final miracle, the kiss of the sky creating (anew) the two human beings in love. Everything points to pure essence, words as well as images; the personal coinages, which I show in italics, are obtained by pruning words instead of lengthening them with suffixes or prefixes, and must therefore be understood as a verbal "return to the mother," to the roots of existence.

The total result is a sense of pure ecstasy, which calls for direct comparison with Ungaretti's simularly clipped verse in *Allegria* and *Sentimento del tempo*. Suspended versification is a clear link between the two poets, and another is to be seen in their treatment of sound; for the Italian, as well as the German, uses alliteration and internal rhyme in such a way as to muffle any obvious sonority. We naturally equate each line with an emission of breath. The rich sibilant sounds on which the Stramm poem relies combine with the pauses to create suspense, and this is also true of much of Ungaretti's verse. Stramm's exclamatory war poems consist of drastic verbal reductions and switches that recall, or rather anticipate, the exploratory restlessness of E. E. Cummings; we find absolutizations of verbs, semantic straining, dislocations of the second-person pronoun "Du" into third-person contexts.

Stramm deserves much more critical attention than he has received so far; and the essay included in Hermann Friedmann and Otto Mann's *Expressionismus* symposium (Heidelberg, 1956) points the right way. For a recognition of Zech's different merits one has to turn to Fritz Martini's *Was War Expressionismus?*, published in 1947. Neither Michael Hamburger's *Reason and Energy* nor Erich Heller's *The Disinherited Mind*, to mention two recent American publications that study expressionism along with its several German forebears, seem to be aware of these two poets or of their real significance.

There is no need to emphasize Trakl's hallucinatory power, in view of his growing popularity; and certainly the poems to be found in *Menschheitsdämmerung* are highly representative of his troubled genius. The nearest non-German approximations to his irrational use of imagery would be Éluard in France and Campana in Italy, with Rimbaud, of course, in the background. His poems progress atmospherically, to evoke a world on the verge of dissolution; and, while he may be unpalatable to those readers who want firmness and exactitude of outline, few writers can capture the witchcraft of dream as he does; he belongs with the blue-flower romantics like Novalis or Brentano, but in a vein of sharper cruelty, sur-

realist style. Else Lasker-Schüler, the Jewish poetess who died in poverty in Jerusalem in 1945, shares with Trakl the dreamy tone of totally internalized vision, at the opposite pole from such fiery prophets as Werfel, Ehrenstein, Lichtenstein, Goll, and Becher, who sometimes effect the breakthrough from eloquence to sustained lyricism, but without equalling Else Lasker-Schüler's purity of tone. There is in her case an unquestionable gift, the ability to set words vibrating in a special transparency, and all straight from the heart—witness "Senna Hoy," "Doktor Benn," "Mein Volk." How strange to see her on the same pages that carry the early Benn, when one thinks of their incompatible destinies. Yet the daughter of the persecuted community who had to leave her native country like a beggar to escape a Buchenwald death still addresses, and will forever address, an utterly moving love poem to the poet-doctor who wrote clinical horrors in perfect lucidity, and who was later to accept the folly of her persecutors—she declares herself "a beggar" (Bettler) at the threshold of his soul (vor deiner Seele). Benn's "beatnik" mood (dope and all) resulted in memorable notations like "Gesänge," and the Ovidian metamorphosis of his poem on cancer ("Man und Frau gehen durch die Krebsbaracke") has the authority of genius:

> "Hier schwillt der Acker schon um jedes Bett.
> Fleisch ebnet sich zu Land. Glut gibt sich fort.
> Saft schickt sich an zu rinnen. Erde ruft."

The "simultaneity" Pinthus points out as a keynote of expressionist poetry works both within the tensions of certain remarkable poems and between the different voices of the unruly chorus. The whole gamut of spiritual experience is encompassed; one understands why Pinthus chose to divide his dissonant harvest into four sections emotionally titled "Sturz und Schrei," "Erweckung des Herzens," "Aufruf und Empörung," "Liebe den Menschen." These divisions are critically vulnerable. But how approach otherwise the turmoil of these eternally warring, eternally discoursing figures? Driven from home, killed on the battlefield, enlisted in conflicting causes, starved to sickness and death; apocalyptic, religious, doctrinaire, desperate, tender, intimate; torn between East and West, between Christ and Marx—these poets all bore witness to the disaster of modern Germany and of all Europe. The opening poem, by Jakob van Hoddis, bears the appropriate title "Weltende," and certainly counts among the examples of enduring achievement. Contemporary readers who enjoy Eliot as well as Dylan Thomas, W. C. Williams as well as Hart Crane or Robert Lowell, should find it very hard to turn a deaf ear to their German predecessors.

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T. S. ELIOT. QUATTRO QUARTETTI. Traduzione e note di Filippo Donini. Milano: Garzanti, 1959. 121 p.

EMILY DICKINSON. POESIE. Nuova versione dal testo critico e saggio introduttivo di Guido Errante. Milano: Mondadori, 1959. 2 vols. cxcix, 1,245 p.

I *Quartetti*, come del resto tutta la poesia di Eliot, son di estrema difficoltà a rendersi in una traduzione, sia per la qualità del linguaggio che per il ritmo particolarissimo—due cose inscindibili in cui si può dire culminino gli esperimenti della poesia inglese moderna da Hopkins in poi, ma specialmente quella iniziatasi

con Pound e Yeats, e in cui par confluisca tutta una lunga tradizione che risale fino alle origini delle letterature europee. Il tessuto fittissimo di simboli e di allusioni prende un andamento a volte spiegatamente lirico e a volte lento e discorsivo, e trova la sua vita in una lingua che va dall'espressione quotidiana e parlata a quella folgorata e altissima dei poeti più puri. E quando Eliot adopera il parlato, come in molte parti dei *Quartetti* o nei drammi, fra le parole e le frasi c'è uno stacco per cui anche l'espressione comune si trasforma in qualcosa di raro e profondamente suggestivo.

Un traduttore non può evitare un esame attentissimo di questo linguaggio, perché una traduzione comincia sempre dalla comprensione delle caratteristiche espressive dell'originale e continua con l'assiduo sforzo di renderle con i mezzi disponibili nella nuova lingua. Il Donini è uno studioso delle forme poetiche del nostro secolo dai crepuscolari in poi: ha molta familiarità con la poesia contemporanea, che s'inizia appunto con un periodo d'esperimenti ritmici e di adozioni di parole comuni e quotidiane riscattate e arricchite di sensi completamente nuovi, in cui vibra la vita stessa del poeta e degli uomini della sua generazione. Egli era quindi particolarmente preparato per darci una versione di Eliot, il cui linguaggio, specialmente nei *Quartetti*, si avvicina al linguaggio dei crepuscolari almeno quanto quello del Montale. Il ritmo che il Donini ha scelto è un ritmo verbale che esula completamente dai metri tradizionali, e rende davvero quello dell'originale inglese, con quell'armonia lenta e staccata, che già di per sé, cioè al di fuori dei significati e simboli immessi nelle frasi dal poeta, suggerisce sensi nuovi e ricchi di vita interiore.

Per qualche esempio di queste versioni si può prender un passo qualunque, dato che il tono è sempre tenuto il più vicino possibile a quello dell'inglese e il metodo seguito dal traduttore è sempre lo stesso. Si provi a fare un confronto fra l'originale e la traduzione di questo tratto del primo "tempo" di *East Coker*. Il testo inglese dice:

"In my beginning is my end. Now the light falls
Across the open field, leaving the deep lane
Shuttered with branches, dark in the afternoon,
Where you lean against a bank while a van passes,
And the deep lane insists on the direction
Into the village, in the electric heat
Hypnotised. In a warm haze the sultry light
Is absorbed, not refracted, by grey stone.
The dahlias sleep in the empty silence.
Wait for the early owl."

E la versione:

"Nel mio principio è la mia fine. Ora la luce cade
Piena sul campo aperto, lasciando la strada incassata
Al riparo dei rami, buia nel pomeriggio,
Dove ci si tira sull'orlo quando passa un carro,
E la strada incassata tira via dritta
Fino al villaggio, nel caldo saturo di elettricità,
Ipnotizzata. Nella calda foschia la luce afosa
È assorbita, non rifratta, dalla pietra grigia.
Le dalie dormono nel silenzio vuoto.
Non si farà aspettare la civetta."

(Pp. 27-29)

Come si vede, l'italiano rende puntualmente l'originale, in un continuo sforzo per evitar qualsiasi alterazione. Trenta o cinquant'anni fa si sarebbe subito rimproverato al Donini di esser troppo letterale, e si sarebbe tirato fuori il vecchio e inesattissimo adagio secondo cui le traduzioni per esser belle devono essere infedeli. E invece chi avesse fatto dei rimproveri simili non si sarebbe accorto che le vere traduzioni son sempre fedelissime, in ogni senso, cioè rendono le singole parole, le singole immagini, e nello stesso tempo il ritmo, sia quello generale della stanza o del verso, che quello pulsante nelle più intime venature espressive. Nel brano citato, per esempio, come in molte parti dei *Quartetti*, il ritmo è lento e quasi discorsivo (si noti, fra l'altro, la precisazione prosastica "Is absorbed, *not refracted*, by grey stone"), e fa pensare al canto fermo, o al recitativo delle opere del Monteverdi. E il Donini l'ha reso com'era, senza sostituirlo con qualcosa di diverso.

Oppure si faccia un confronto fra l'inglese e l'italiano di un passo dei *Dry Salvages*. Questo è il testo inglese:

"The sea howl
And the sea yelp, are different voices
Often together heard: the whine in the rigging,
The menace and caress of wave that breaks on water,
The distant rote in the granite teeth,
And the wailing warning from the approaching headland
Are all sea voices, and the heaving groaner
Rounded homewards, and the seagull:
And under the oppression of the silent fog
The tolling bell
Measures time not our time, rung by the unhurried
Ground swell, a time
Older than the time of chronometers, older
Than time counted by anxious worried women
Lying awake, calculating the future,
Trying to unweave, unwind, unravel
And piece together the past and the future,
Between midnight and dawn, when the past is all deception,
The future futureless, before the morning watch
When time stops and time is never ending..."

Ed ecco ora la versione del Donini:

"L'ululato del mare
E il guaito del mare, son voci differenti
Che s'odono spesso insieme: il pianto del cordame,
La minaccia e carezza dell'onda che si rompe sull'acqua,
Il brontolio lontano tra i denti di granito,
E il monito lamentoso dal promontorio che s'appressa,
Son tutte voci del mare, e il fischio della boa sballottata
Doppiata nel viaggio di ritorno, e il gabbiano:
E sotto l'oppressione della nebbia silenziosa
La campana che rintocca
Misura un tempo che non è il nostro, mossa dalla lenta
Risacca, un tempo

Ch'è più vecchio del tempo dei cronometri, più vecchio
Del tempo contato da inquiete donne ansiose, che a letto
Non possono dormire, e indagano il futuro,
Cercando di disfare, sdipanare, districare
E rappezzare insieme il passato e il futuro,
Fra mezzanotte e l'alba, quando il passato è tutto inganno
E il futuro non ha futuro, prima del quarto del mattino
Quando il tempo si ferma e il tempo non ha fine . . . "

(Pp. 49, 51)

È certo un passo bellissimo in cui tutti gli elementi esterni si uniscono ad esprimere non solo l'ansiosa attesa delle mogli dei pescatori, ma la comune ansia dell'umanità intera—un'ansia che si può veder simboleggiata in quel rintocco della campana che si distende su tutto e nasce da tutto, come il perpetuo fluire del tempo in cui vien subito a identificarsi. Questa suggestività è resa perfettamente dal Donini, col metodo semplice, ma difficilissimo, di sostituire a ogni espressione inglese un'espressione italiana che racchiuda la stessa immagine, lo stesso significato, e la stessa forza evocativa. Si noti come anche le ripetizioni vengan riprodotte senza ometterne una. Le ripetizioni hanno sempre una grande importanza per tutti i poeti, ma specialmente per Eliot: son come motivi musicali che si arricchiscono di nuovi sensi e provocano nuovi e più intensi echi nel lettore man mano che ritornano. Rappresentano, in altre parole, uno degli elementi in cui va ricercata la sostanza stessa della poesia.

Ci son due modi fondamentali di tradurre. Il primo è quello che si potrebbe chiamar romantico: il traduttore si avvicina al suo poeta con l'intenzione di far della poesia per conto proprio, e quindi di mettersi a far la concorrenza con l'originale, e allora non si preoccupa tanto dell'opera dell'autore che traduce quanto della propria. Il secondo è quello di chi invece si avvicina allo scrittore e ne studia attentissimamente ogni espressione cercando di renderne tutte le caratteristiche nella nuova lingua. Solo seguendo questo secondo metodo si ha una traduzione vera, che non trascura un'immagine e traspone nel nuovo mezzo espressivo la forza evocativa delle parole senza il minimo travisamento. Il Donini ha fatto una traduzione di tal genere. Gli deve esser costata una fatica enorme, ma il risultato è che i suoi *Quartetti* son veramente Eliot in italiano.

Non manca naturalmente qualche punto suscettibile di miglioramento. Una delle cose su cui ci si potrebbe soffermare un poco è la maggiore o minor frequenza di certe parole italiane in rapporto alle corispondenti inglesi che traducono. A p. 50, per esempio, c'è un "silente" che rende il "silent" dell'originale, ma ne è molto più prezioso (anzi un lettore italiano lo associa addirittura al linguaggio dannunziano, che è l'opposto di quello eliotiano). Si tratta però di casi abbastanza rari e spesso dettati da necessità.

Vogliamo piuttosto fare un'osservazione che riguarda la traduzione vera e propria. Alla fine del primo "tempo" dei *Dry Salvages*, dove si legge: "And the ground swell, that is and was from the beginning, / Clangs / The bell," non si capisce perché il Donini abbia detto "E *alla* risacca, che è e che era nel principio, / Rintocca / La campana" (p. 51), invece di "*La* risacca, ecc." come scrive Eliot. Ci sembra che qui il poeta insista sul significato simbolico del suono della campana, già apparso nei versi precedenti con parole simili (e allora reso assai bene dal Donini: "La campana che rintocca / Misura un tempo che non è il nostro, *mossa*

*dalla lenta / Risacca,*" p. 49). Quel suono della campana, come si diceva, si fa vasto e penetra in tutto sino a nascere in ogni movimento e a trasformarsi in esso; e quindi nel moto stesso della risacca, la quale non è più una cosa concreta, ma il simbolo di "ciò che è e che era nel principio," e cioè del movimento del tempo e dello stesso destino umano.

Al Donini, com'era da aspettarsi, sono state fatte varie osservazioni sulla maggiore o minor puntualità di questa o quella scelta espressiva italiana.[1] Ma son di solito cose secondarie e spesso soggettive. Questo o quel punto si possono sempre modificare in una successiva edizione del volume; quel che è importante è il metodo seguito e le versioni nel loro complesso.

In fondo ai *Quartetti* il Donini ha messo 32 pagine di note interpretative ed esplicative. Son pagine d'incalcolabile utilità, dove la trama intricatissima dei significati e delle derivazioni si sdipana e si chiarisce. Anche qui il traduttore ha reso un enorme servizio ai lettori di Eliot. Qualcuno ha già detto che note simili sarebbero da desiderarsi anche nelle edizioni inglesi dei *Quartetti.* Ed è certamente vero.

Solo un appunto vorremmo fare. Nella preghiera dei *Dry Salvages,* quando Eliot chiama la Vergine "Queen of Heaven," il Donini annota che la denominazione deriva dal Paradiso, XXXI, 100 (p. 111). Ci sembra che se Eliot avesse voluto citar Dante avrebbe detto "Regina del cielo," come aveva detto "Figlia del tuo figlio" nel verso immediatamente precedente, senza darne la versione inglese. "Queen of Heaven" è la traduzione di "Regina Coeli," un'antifona dell'ufficio del Sabato Santo, che risale al secolo X, viene attribuita a papa Gregorio V, e Dante stesso l'adoperò. Va vista quindi come una delle tante espressioni liturgiche a cui Eliot ricorre sia nei *Quartetti* che nelle altre sue opere. Ma né questo né gli altri appunti sminuiscono il valore del lavoro del Donini davvero ammirevole in molti sensi.

Ci avvenne tempo fa di dar notizia, proprio nelle pagine di questa rivista, delle *Poesie* di Emily Dickinson, versione e prefazione di Guido Errante (*CL,* X, 1958, 73-77). Ora l'Errante ha rifatto completamente il grosso volume trasformandolo in un'opera di proporzioni monumentali. Prima di tutto l'introduzione gli è diventata una compiuta monografia sulla poetessa americana, dell'ampiezza di un volume: 199 pagine che penetrano a fondo nella vita e nella poesia della Dickinson, distruggono un gran numero di cliché e presentano fatti e conclusioni nuove. Son pagine che vanno considerate importanti per tutti gli studiosi della Dickinson, siano italiani o americani.

La scelta delle poesie poi si è aumentata di circa duecento componimenti, cosicché si può dire che tutte le liriche dickinsoniane di qualche importanza siano ora a disposizione dei lettori italiani. Come nella prima edizione anche qui l'Errante riproduce l'originale a fronte. Il testo inglese segue ora la lezione della grande edizione critica di Thomas H. Johnson (Cambridge,Mass., 1955), senza confronto la più attendibile e la più corretta.

Per le traduzioni, l'Errante ha rielaborato profondamente la prima edizione, cercando, come afferma egli stesso, "di scarnire l'italiano fino ai limiti del pos-

[1] Chi ne ha fatte di più, di queste osservazioni, e ha suggerito dei sostituti, è stato Augusto Guidi in *Letteratura,* VII (1959), 161-164. A volte si tratta di cose giuste, a volte di preferenze personali e discutibili, e in qualche caso addirittura di errori, come quando vorrebbe che il Donini avesse tradotto "conveyor of commerce" non con "veicolo di commerci," ma con "viaggiatore commerciale," mentre l'espressione non ha davvero questo significato.

sibile." E va detto subito che le nuove versioni son di gran lunga più vicine al testo inglese. Nella nostra recensione riconoscemmo l'origine di gran parte dei difetti di un lavoro pur degno del massimo rispetto nella necessità di tradurre in versi italiani, che inevitabilmente portavano a cambiare, qua e là, immagini e ritmi, e a distruggere l'ellisse, la più grande caratteristica dell'inglese della Dickinson. L'Errante preserva ancora le forme metriche chiuse, ma senza farsene più schiavo; anzi spesso le elabora in modo da potervisi muover dentro abbastanza liberamente. Ha eliminati i ritmi facili che ricordavano i poeti italiani del Settecento e dell'Ottocento, e quando l'ha creduto opportuno ha restaurata l'ellisse. Il risultato è un'opera assai migliore e una traduzione espressivamente più fedele.

Per avere un'idea di come alcune correzioni vadano considerate radicali trasformazioni basta prendere un esempio. Si pensi al distico: "My river runs to thee — / Blue sea! wilt welcome me?"; che era stato reso con la strofetta metastasiana:

"Verso di te
Corre il mio fiume.
O azzurro mare,
Mi assorbirai?"

La nuova versione dice semplicemente:

"Il mio fiume corre a te—
O azzurro mare! mi accoglierai?"
(Pag. 148)

E va da sé che tutta la lirica aperta dal quel distico è stata rifatta secondo questo metodo. In tal caso la nuova traduzione non è nemmeno parente della vecchia, ma una cosa totalmente diversa. Qui l'Errante ha reso l'originale con le sue caratteristiche espressive e sintattiche. Ciò va detto di molte di queste poesie, in cui il traduttore ha fatto un notevolissimo sforzo per ricomporre in italiano l'austerità espressiva e ritmica del testo inglese.

L'ellisse è spesso restaurata, come si diceva, ma ci sono ancora parecchi punti in cui l'Errante cerca di chiarire il testo inserendo verbi che, almeno a nostro parere, non son necessari. Si prenda un esempio:

"Four trees—upon a solitary Acre—"

vien reso con:

"Sul campo solitario quattro alberi stanno—"
(Pag. 739)

Ci pare che quello "stanno" non aggiunga niente, e sarebbe stato meglio ometterlo e conservare la visività impressionistica dell'originale. Questo sciogliere l'ellisse e questo spiegare son rimasti qui dalla prima edizione, e si riscontrano ancora in parecchi componimenti.

Ma son cose che potranno esser cambiate. Perché a giudicare da questi due volumi, l'Errante non lascia davvero dormire il suo libro, ma ci ritorna sopra continuamente e lo lima. Intanto i lettori italiani gli saran grati di un'opera che per la sua vastità è tale da meritar non solo rispetto, ma ammirazione.

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J.-J. ROUSSEAU EN ANGLETERRE À L'ÉPOQUE ROMANTIQUE: LES ÉCRITS AUTOBIOGRAPHIQUES ET LA LÉGENDE. By Jacques Voisine. Paris: Didier, 1956. x, 482 p. (Études de Littérature Étrangère et Comparée.)

M. Voisine's study is concerned primarily with the legend of Rousseau in England from 1778 (the year of Rousseau's death) to 1830, especially as seen in the impact and popularity of Rousseau's autobiographical writings and their influence on the emerging English poetic literature. The image and influence of Rousseau, the man, are thus the main objects of consideration, rather than Rousseau's ideas or his specific influence in music, politics, religion, education, or botany. Rousseau's work is reduced here essentially to the autobiographical writings (interpreted with some flexibility to include parts of *La Nouvelle Héloïse* and *Emile*, as well as the *Confessions*, the *Rêveries*, the *Dialogues*, the correspondence, and scattered other works); but M. Voisine's text is still a massive compilation of nearly 450 pages.

The author distinguishes three phases between 1778 and 1830 for his consideration of Rousseau's legend and its influence: (1) 1778-1797 (from Rousseau's death to the "betrayal" of the Revolution by the Directoire), when Rousseau emerges early as a figure of legend and captures the sentimental imaginations of innumerable pilgrims from the British Isles to his tomb at Ermenonville; (2) 1797-1816 (from the loss of faith in the Revolution by British liberals to the fall of Napoleon), when British opinion is generally hostile to Rousseau, but when he is seen as having aroused interest in some of the early romantics; and (3) 1816-1830 (from Napoleon's fall to a notable date in French romanticism only two years before the English electoral reform), when Byron and Shelley represent sympathetic minds and Tom Moore a mind sharply critical. Consideration of these three periods occupies the first four parts of the book (pp. 13-343). Part V (pp. 347-424) is devoted to William Hazlitt, who is called "un nouveau Jean-Jacques." A 16-page conclusion resumes the reputation in England of Rousseau and of his work in general, outlines a brief perspective of the evolution of British opinion of Rousseau from 1830 to the present, and attempts to draw certain general conclusions. There is a rather considerable bibliography (pp. 445-463) and, finally, a useful index (pp. 465-473) and an excellent summary of contents (pp. 474-482) in the "Table des Matières." All in all, the volume is a very conscientious examination of materials. The author modestly claims for his book at most the value of a synthesis, so far as its research in English literature is concerned; and he pays special tribute to such predecessors as André Monglond, A. Schinz, and Henri Roddier.

Early in the study the author assembles material on British men and women who met Rousseau and expressed opinions about him in the period before his death. Among these are David Hume, whose quarrel with Rousseau had much to do with alienating British opinion. Others inimical to Rousseau included, for example, cosmopolitan Englishmen like Horace Walpole with leanings toward the French *philosophes* and Voltaire; puritanical Englishmen like Dr. Johnson; and Anglican churchmen and conservatives generally, who tended to lump Rousseau and Voltaire with the *philosophes* as common enemies of British society. Dr. Johnson is cited from Boswell as saying that, between Rousseau and Voltaire, "it is difficult to settle the proportion of iniquity." A majority of the French refugees in London were also opposed to Rousseau, though he found some partisans among them; but he found ardent champions among the Swiss (e.g., the Genevese pastor Antoine Roustan and the painter Henry Fuseli).

Rousseau's sojourn in the English countryside left its mark upon native sensi-

bility. In the property of Nuneham-Courtenay in the County of Oxford, for example, two busts in a grotto represented Cato of Utica and Rousseau, the latter with an inscription by Brooke Boothby. M. Voisine shows that Rousseau was widely regarded as the embodiment at once of the ideals of nature and of reason, in spite of his break with the *philosophes*; and he notes that Rousseau gained fame as a champion of philosophy when Voltaire lost favor in England as a result of his attacks on Shakespeare.

Rousseau's death in 1778 gave rise to a variety of rumors. He had died of a pistol shot; he had drunk poisoned coffee; he had succumbed to indigestion after eating strawberries and cream. Numerous sentimental developments followed. One account borrowed from Racine's *Phèdre* for Rousseau's last words: "... le ciel, dit-il, le ciel est moins pur que le fond de mon cœur ..." Paintings of the dying Rousseau and of his tomb and its environs had wide circulation; pious pilgrimages to Ermenonville became the fashion; Rousseau's shoes and tobacco pouch attracted sentimental interest; and a vocabulary of stylized sensibility developed for effusions composed in the vicinity of his ashes. Visits to famous places in Switzerland associated with *La Nouvelle Héloïse* even became established parts of the grand tour; and Thérèse Levasseur was beneficiary of a considerable amount of emotional nonsense.

Posthumous publication of the *Confessions* (1781 or 1782) gave rise to much unfavorable criticism and to charges of gross immorality. M. Voisine believes that it was the first page of the *Confessions* that established Rousseau's reputation for vanity in the minds of a majority of English readers. He shows that this page had been circulated, before the publication of the work itself, in an abridged form prejudicial to its author.

Walpole had called Rousseau "le nouvel Erostrate." But Rousseau's most redoubtable enemy in Britain was Edmund Burke. M. Voisine even sees the history of Rousseau's reputation in England as a duel between these two great rivals. Radicals and some liberals rallied to defend Rousseau; but the majority of English readers were on the other side.

The author devotes two chapters (pp. 127-154) to Burke's opposition to Rousseau and shows that the great orator was especially shocked by *La Nouvelle Héloïse*. Burke is seen as inheriting Dr. Johnson's prejudice against Rousseau. In M. Voisine's opinion, he may have read no more than the mutilated first page of the *Confessions* as a basis for his judgment on its author as "the great professor and founder of the philosophy of vanity"; but Burke had sensed the moral significance of Rousseau's autobiographical writings in the changing world and had so vigorously expressed it, in five or six pages of his work (especially in *A Letter to a Member of the National Assembly*, 1791), that he fixed for a century Rousseau's reputation in England. After Burke's death in 1797, John Gifford's *Anti-Jacobin Review* (1798-1821) continued in general the antirevolutionary attacks of Burke and attacked especially the Swiss Rousseau's monstrous vanity, which was rather amusingly identified as characteristic of the whole French nation. In the early nineteenth century *The Edinburgh Review* and *The Quarterly Review*, though opposing each other politically, were both hostile to Rousseau. During the same period preachers even saw him as a reincarnation of the Antichrist.

Discussion of Rousseau and Godwin and Mary Wollstonecraft brings in many minor figures, whose treatment seems more detailed than conclusions warrant. Godwin himself is seen as closer to Helvetius than to Rousseau, though in Godwin's later period his novel *Fleetwood* (1805), subtitled "The New Man of Feeling,"

shows his interest in Rousseau's personality. Mary Wollstonecraft, while denouncing Rousseau's system of education in her book, *A Vindication of the Rights of Woman* (1792), yet shows great admiration for his sensibility and urges examination of his life for an understanding of his thought. With her, Rousseau becomes a romantic hero that looks to the Rousseau of Byron and Shelley.

Southey wrote a poem (published in 1797), "For the Cenotaph at Ermenonville," but can hardly be considered an enthusiast; and Coleridge, who turned toward Germany for inspiration about this time, was left uninspired by Rousseau. The case of Wordsworth is more complicated. M. Voisine suggests that the *Confessions* and the *Rêveries* may have left a lasting impression that Wordsworth never mentioned. *Émile* and the *Confessions* were in Wordsworth's library and are said to have "profound analogies" with his writings, especially in their nostalgia for childhood and their sense of the poetic power of memory. E. Legouis is cited as finding Rousseau's influence everywhere in Wordsworth's work, and Herbert Read as showing that there is no mention of Rousseau in the five volumes of Wordsworth's correspondence or in Dorothy Wordsworth's journals. M. Voisine adds that Rousseau's name occurs only once or twice in Wordsworth's poetical and critical work. Rousseau the thinker is admittedly remote from Wordsworth, though the author of the *Confessions* and the *Rêveries* is seen as in some ways remarkably close to Wordsworth the poet. M. Voisine is careful not to decide flatly between influence and coincidence, but thinks that *Émile*, the *Confessions* and the *Rêveries* contributed to the maturing of Wordsworth's genius. The evidence for this does not seem very persuasive.

After Waterloo, hatred of Rousseau turned to relative indifference. But in 1816 three publications exerted considerable influence upon his reputation in England: William Hazlitt's article in *The Examiner* in April "On the Character of Rousseau"; the third canto of *Childe Harold*, which Byron published in the summer of 1816; and Scott's attack on *La Nouvelle Héloïse* in *The Quarterly Review* of 1816-1817.

M. Voisine traces Shelley's and Byron's tour of Lake Geneva in June 1816, when the two poets went through the Rousseau country with *La Nouvelle Héloïse* in hand. Canto III of *Childe Harold* and *The Hymn to Intellectual Beauty* are said to have been influenced by the writings and memories of Rousseau. Rousseau's influence on Shelley is seen as coming primarily through *La Nouvelle Héloïse* and to a lesser extent through the *Rêveries*. Henri Peyre is cited as identifying *Alastor, or The Spirit of Solitude* (1816) as the most Rousseauistic of Shelley's poems, though M. Voisine finds it "par sa morale, exactement anti-rousseauiste." It is the poet in Rousseau rather than the philosopher that interests Shelley, and he is shown to have introduced Rousseau in a major role in his last poem, *The Triumph of Life*, left unfinished at his death. Byron, on the other hand, is described as knowing little of Rousseau's work and as having slight interest in his thought, but as curious about the man himself. The third canto of *Childe Harold* is cited as inspiration for many a sentimental pilgrimage to Clarens and Meillerie, and *La Nouvelle Héloïse* is said to have gained popularity from the success of Byron's poem.

In October 1816, Walter Scott, reviewing *Childe Harold* for *The Quarterly Review*, devoted considerable attention to Rousseau and criticized *La Nouvelle Héloïse* severely, with a fierce quotation from Burke against its gross sensuality. Two years later, Thomas Moore published *The Fudge Family in Paris* (1818), making fun of the sentimental pilgrimage to Montmorency, with its recollections

of Rousseau's cherries, his blue ribbon for the manuscripts of *Julie*, his periwinkle, and the like. In 1823, Moore's *Rhymes on the Road* attacked with surprising violence the supposed vices of Rousseau and Mme de Warens. Hazlitt and Leigh Hunt published indignant replies; but M. Voisine notes that the general opinion of Rousseau and his writings was "deliberately hostile" in England from this time until the last years of the nineteenth century. Moreover, raillery and ironic allusions, especially after 1830 (a time of reaction in England against French romantic literature), dealt even more serious blows to Rousseau's prestige, and thus he lost most of his significance in English letters. Exceptions to the popular trend were Thomas Lovell Beddoes, Walter Savage Landor, and Thomas Love Peacock, whose links with Rousseau are briefly considered, and William Hazlitt, whose affinities and relationship with Rousseau are examined in great detail.

Hazlitt's essay *On the Character of Rousseau* depicts Rousseau's writing with its direct sincerity as giving a new character to European literature and to European society, and identifies Rousseau as initiator of the poetic revolution accomplished by the Lake Poets. M. Voisine finds in Hazlitt "le mérite d'avoir magnifiquement dégagé le rôle de Rousseau dans la grande révolution poétique moderne"—a role that one would like to find more persuasively demonstrated in the present study. He discovers the influence of the *Confessions* in the tone of many pages of Hazlitt's *Liber Amoris*, itself a confession; and he cites Hazlitt's observation that *Émile* is as important as Newton's *Principia*. As for Hazlitt the essayist, M. Voisine finds him taking from Rousseau the inspiration for some of his finest psychological essays (e.g., *On the Love of the Country*, *On Going a Journey*, *Why Distant Objects Please*, *On Reading Old Books*, *On Dreams*, and *On Reason and Imagination*). For Hazlitt, the *Confessions* was a more revolutionary work than the *Contrat social*.

A brief conclusion traces Rousseau's reputation in England since 1830. Burke's monster of vanity and Byron's and Shelley's victim of the ideal represent opposing attitudes. John Morley's *Rousseau* (1873) is seen as a corrective to the legendary, vain Rousseau of Burke. The public then began to accept two Rousseaus: one the author of genius (before his visit to England) who wrote *Émile*, *La Nouvelle Héloïse*, and *Le Contrat social*—and the other the poor fool who quarreled with Hume and wrote the *Confessions*.

In the twentieth century, the Rousseau of the *Confessions* and the *Rêveries* at last came into his own in both France and England; and M. Voisine offers a rather remarkable statement concerning the autobiographical Rousseau's continuing (if somewhat oblique) influence upon English sensibility: "On pourrait peut-être sans trop d'arbitraire retracer la filiation de l'auteur de la *Nouvelle Héloïse* à George Eliot, en passant par Wordsworth et Hazlitt, et celle de George Eliot, par Marcel Proust, à des romanciers contemporains comme Virginia Woolf, Aldous Huxley ou Charles Morgan; la pervenche du Promeneur solitaire annonce déjà la branche de sureau de *The Mill on the Floss* et la madeleine de Proust."

M. Voisine's book would have been improved by elimination of its repetitions, unessential details, and excessive concern with insignificant authors (e.g., the chapter devoted to Charles Lloyd, pp. 223-240). But it still affords, with a wealth of pertinent detail, an unusually interesting record of vicissitudes in the development of the legend of Rousseau in England and (though less successfully) a tentative survey of the influence of Rousseau's personality upon English authors.

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ANGLO-SPANISH RELATIONS IN TUDOR LITERATURE. By Gustav Ungerer. Bern: Francke Verlag, 1956. 231 p. (Swiss Studies in English, No. 38.)

This book consists of three unrelated studies: "The *Celestina* in England," "The Elizabethan Courtiers," and "Shakespeare and Spain." In his preface the author cites as the primary sources of his research John Garrett Underhill's *Spanish Literature in the England of the Tudors* (1899) and *Spanish Influence on English Literature* (1905) by the historian Martin Hume. Ungerer says of Underhill that the latter's conclusions are "still valid," but that he has discovered "new material" in the course of checking Underhill's bibliography.

In the preface Ungerer also alludes to the shortcomings of his predecessors in the field of Anglo-Spanish relations, but fails to state his own purpose and method. He merely says of his dissertation that "Its various aspects are connected with the courtiers of Tudor England." The unidiomatic style and the weaknesses in the organization of the contents are a serious disadvantage for the reader, and nowhere in the book is there a clear identification of the "new material" mentioned in the preface, or of what has been added to what was already known. Part I begins with a description of the reception of Juan Luis Vives at the English court in 1523 and a brief discussion of his didactic works. The author then seeks "to provide some evidence that the English adaptation of the *Celestina* was made according to the precepts pronounced in *De institutione foeminae Christianae* and that it was the joint product of Vives, Queen Catherine, Sir Thomas More and John Rastell." The precepts of Vives's treatise might, as Ungerer claims somewhat unconvincingly have influenced expurgation of portions of the *Celestina*. This contention has hardly been advanced, however, when it is undermined by the author's concession that "the body of the translation, which is not strictly purified of obscene passages, is of little use to our present argument, save one or two interpolations made to point out the moral of the Interlude."

The first half of Part II, "The Elizabethan Courtiers," deals with the political and military relations between Spain and England, a subject treated at length by Underhill. Ungerer denies Underhill's allegation that Queen Elizabeth knew no Spanish, discusses the influence of Sir William Cecil in furthering the study of the Spanish language in England, and re-examines the influence of Montemayor's *Diana* in England, with particular reference to Sidney's *Arcadia* and *Astrophel and Stella*.

Part III, in which Ungerer defends Hume's theory that Don Adriano de Armado of *Love's Labour's Lost* is a burlesque upon the Spanish courtier Antonio Pérez, is the longest and most completely developed of the three sections. In support of the theory he cites the opinion of Charles David Ley, the translator of Gregario Marañón's biography of Pérez, and that of Salvador de Madariaga, who reviewed the Ley translation in 1954. Ungerer's account of Pérez's life in England and his friendship with Francis Bacon, which follows a survey of the works of Pérez known to the English, is apparently indebted to Marañón for its Freudian interpretations. The supposedly deviate behavior of Pérez is accepted as additional evidence that the character of Armado is a satire upon the Spaniard. Ungerer believes that Shakespeare's portrait was drawn from the "living model," and his findings lead him to "a new basis for dating the *revision* of the play." His interpretation "requires a date later than April, 1596." From what he calls Shakespeare's surprising knowledge of the works of Pérez he infers that "we now may venture to assume that Shakespeare was obviously affected by the sudden output of the

Spanish manuals when he rewrote *Love's Labour's Lost* and that he learnt from them the rudiments of Spanish, sufficient to analyse an Epistle." Thus the author supplies a solution to what he terms "the thrilling problem of Shakespeare's mastery of Spanish."

Ungerer's bibliography is comprehensive, although a reference to A. W. Reed's *Early Tudor Drama* (p. 25, note) seems to have been omitted. An errata sheet contains forty entries. Unfortunately, there are many more uncorrected errors, of which "fried" for "friend," "miles glorious" for "miles gloriosus," and "sash-buckler" are but a few examples. Even more damaging to the sense are the many errors in diction; the limitations of Ungerer's English vocabulary may be estimated from his use of "amphibious" for "ambivalent" in reference to the conduct of Antonio Pérez.

There has long been a need for solid studies in the field of Anglo-Spanish literary relations, and one can only regret that the present study is not more original and more satisfying. One is obliged to say of Ungerer's volume, as he says of Underhill's, that it "ought to be consulted with utmost caution."

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